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Next week

THE DERBY PREVIEW evaluates Candy Spots, Never Bend—and No Rubbery—while a university professor explains why, win or lose, the mutants are stacked against the better.

THE RELAY SEASON is upon us, bigger and splashier than ever. Tex Maule reports on the annual Mt. San Antonio carnival, which is fast becoming one of the U.S.'s top track meets.

WHIRLYBIRDS are flying machines that really do not want to fly, unlike airplanes, which do. Bill Mauldin describes the hilarious experiences he had learning to work a helicopter.



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LUCKY OPEN	82	29
PALM SPRINGS	82	112
PGA SENIORS	82	82
PHOENIX OPEN	82	29
TUCSON OPEN	87	10
NEW ORLEANS	86	22
PENSACOLA	86	25
ST. PETERSBURG	87	25
COVING	86	23
AZALEA	86	17
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View of the sea from the Tiza Mountains, Puerto Rico, lofty place to sip a Daiquiri on-the-rocks. John Stewart photograph.

New cocktail for men: Daiquiri on-the-rocks

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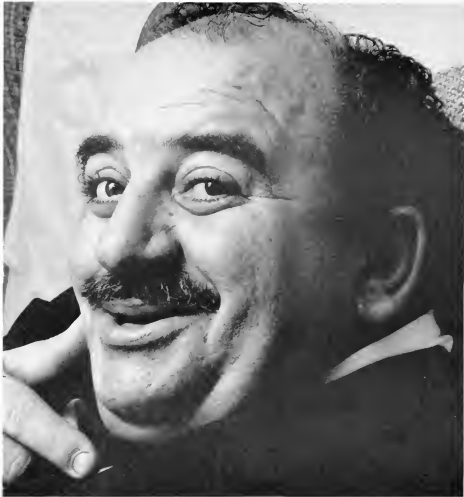
THE RECIPE. Juice half lime ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.); scant tsp. sugar; $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dry, white Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice.

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DOG SHOWS

Eastern events through June 16

APRIL 27

Magic Valley Kennel Club Show, Charleston, W. Va.
Wilmington Kennel Club Show, Stanton, Del.

APRIL 28

Huntington Kennel Club Show, Huntington, W. Va.
Penn Treaty Kennel Club Show, Feltonville, Pa.

MAY 4

Backs County Kennel Club Show, Doylestown, Pa.

MAY 5

Trenton Kennel Club Show (bench), Trenton, N.J.

MAY 11

Chester Valley Kennel Club Show, Ludwigs Corner, Pa.
Springfield Kennel Club Show (bench), West Springfield, Mass.

MAY 12

Lancaster Kennel Club Show, Lancaster, Pa.
Windham County Kennel Club Show, Wilbraham, Conn.

MAY 19

Lusher Kennel Association of America Show (bench), Garden City, N.Y.

MAY 19

Long Island Kennel Club Show (bench), Locust Valley, N.Y.
Upper Potomac Valley Kennel Club Show, Frostburg, Md.

MAY 20

Butler County Kennel Club Show, Saxtonburg, Pa.
Monmouth County Kennel Club Show (bench), Oceanport, N.J.

MAY 26

Plainfield Kennel Club Show, Linden, N.J.

JUNE 1

Huntingdon Valley Kennel Club Show, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

JUNE 2

Delaware County Kennel Club Show, Media, Pa.
Framingham District Kennel Club Show (bench), Framingham, Mass.

JUNE 3

Greenwich Kennel Club Show (bench), Greenwich, Conn.
Kanawadaga Kennel Club Show, Canandaigua, N.Y.
Talbot Kennel Club Show, Easton, Md.

JUNE 5

Longshore-Southport Kennel Club Show, Westport, Conn.
Tonawanda Valley Kennel Club Show, Batavia, N.Y.

JUNE 10

Bryn Mawr Kennel Club Show (bench), Bryn Mawr, Pa.
North Shore Kennel Club Show, Wrentham, Mass.

JUNE 16

Burlington County Kennel Club Show, Palmyra, N.J.
Enc Kennel Club Show, Fairview, Pa.
Middlesex County Kennel Club Show, Concord, Mass.



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SCORECARD

WHY SCANDALS AFFLICT SPORT

Tom Niemeier is 6 feet 9, a high school All-America basketball star, an honor student. He has a widowed mother, and he has a girl friend who wants to attend the same college as Tom. In short, Tom Niemeier is fair game. More than 70 colleges tendered him offers, but he pared the number to three. "I want to play close to home," he said. And since home is Evansville, Ind. he narrowed his choices to Notre Dame, Indiana and Purdue.

Last week Big Ten Commissioner Bill Reed sifted reports accusing Purdue and Indiana of illegal recruiting practices after Niemeier had signed a Purdue letter of intent. He was flown by Purdue to its campus and then to Chicago so that he could get another plane and visit Bob Cousy, the new Boston College coach.

Even in the strange world of recruiting, this was something new and strange. It is legal to pay a prospect's transportation between university and home. Is it legal to pay his transportation to the Chicago airport, which is not home? "Yes," said Purdue Coach Ray Eddy, "but I would appreciate your keeping this out of the paper." Was everything legal at Purdue? "Everything on this end is legitimate," said Eddy, "but I would appreciate your keeping this out of the paper."

Niemeier's girl, Nancy Fisher, said a man from Purdue had assured her that she had a good chance of getting an academic scholarship at Purdue. But Indiana had at least as much to offer, including, of course, the scholarship to Nancy. In addition, said Niemeier, Indiana Coach Branch McCracken told him he could "earn \$100 a month in a fraternity kitchen," and Dr. Charles Moehlenkamp, Indiana alumnus, said he would give him "\$300 for clothes." McCracken says there is a misunderstanding about the kitchen deal, but Moehlenkamp admits he offered the \$300. "With his father being dead, I thought he needed a little help," the doctor said.

Niemeier, confused and upset, says:

"Maybe I'll go to Notre Dame, if they'll still have me." And Mrs. Niemeier is praying to St. Jude, patron of lost causes.

GOLF: LEAFY ARMS DIVISION

For the past several years the special nemesis of Fred Crawford, a five-handicapper and All-America tackle at Duke in the early '30s, has been the excruciating, hilly layout of the Capital City Country Club links in Tallahassee, where the branches of live oaks overhang the fairways and crowd the greens. Coming up to the 18th hole the other day, though, he was one under par. For a lulling moment he had visions of reaching the green, 340 yards away, in two. With this in mind he put all his 220 pounds into the drive. The ball hooked, hit one of the oaks, and ricocheted back onto the fairway. His second shot bounced back and forth off no less than three trees, landing in the rough. His third hit two more trees and left him still 200 yards from the green.

His hope of mastering par 72 shattered, Crawford turned to his playing partner, Dr. Don Veller, and observed: "It is obvious that Joyce Kilmer never played golf."

Sadly he took an 8.

MORE MEN, FEWER BOYS

One of the criticisms of Little League baseball—that it sometimes appears to be more of an activity for grown-up men who like to run things than it is for boys who just like to play baseball—may have been borne out in Reno, Nevada. A shortage of playing fields has forced Reno to reduce the number of boys in Little League to 120 less than last year. At the same time the recreation department has hired three additional men to help run the league.

We have a suggestion for the boys who didn't make the cut. Go find an empty lot somewhere, choose up sides (even if you end up with six on one team and seven on the other) and play ball. You don't need an umpire, you don't even need a catcher. You can stop in the

middle of the game to look at a snake that somebody found in the outfield. You can play two innings or 14 or all day. You really ought to try it. It's lots of fun.

SHIPS OF THE DESERT

Though New Mexico would seem a more natural environment for camels than for boats, there are, nevertheless, close to 8,000 boat owners in the state. These may be classed in two categories: the Quick and the Stranded. The Quick are those lucky enough to find water near their homes or to possess a trailer to haul the boat to wherever the water is. One Albuquerque group calling itself *Los Haapotes* (Water Dogs) thinks nothing of traveling 175 miles to Elephant Butte Reservoir or some 500 miles to Lake Mead. A Stranded may be recognized by the lorn boat basking in his driveway.

At this time of year the Quicks and the Stranded gaze wistfully at the flood-control reservoirs of their arid area, wondering which ones are going to hold water. They are constantly being reminded that these tempting waters were impounded for such purposes as flood control and irrigation—not for play. Thus



the tributaries of the Rio Grande are only temporarily held back at flood time. In due course, according to law, all the water must whoosh downriver to the cotton farmers. Another case in point is the big \$20-million Abiquiu Dam on the Rio Chama near the Ghost Ranch. (Bill Carr, curator of the conservation museum on the Ghost Ranch, has observed that beavers could have built a better dam

cheaper, but that is another story.) Built solely for flood control and silt settling, the dam in the past five years has rarely had enough water for the boatmen.

But unexpectedly last week the Army's Corps of Engineers announced that a one-mile lake (possibly even a three-mile lake) will be impounded behind the dam for a few weeks this spring, maybe a month, while the silt is settling. The announcement was accompanied by a long list of navigation rules, headed by one most appropriate to desert boating:

"Be careful of displaced reptiles," it warned.

ALTERING THE ODDS

The early betting line for the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas had listed Champagne Tony Lema at 15 to 1, but the odds on him dropped to 6 to 1 after his second-place finish at the Masters. "Don't bet on me in the Vegas tournament," Lema was meanwhile telling his friends. "That's when I'm going to get married." Tony's romantic intentions got back to Vegas the other day, along with word that he had booked the bridal suite at the Desert Inn for the week of the Tournament of Champions. The bookies promptly boosted the odds on him right back to 15 to 1.

JUSTICE IS POPEYED IN NENANA

The trial of two Alaska resort owners accused of allowing gambling in their lodges has been postponed. Why? Because the Nenana courtroom where they were to be tried is filled just now with Nenanians (of whom there are maybe 125 adult Indians and whites) busily compiling book on Nenana's annual gambling pool.

The pool, in which a record \$170,000 was won in 1959, requires the better to pick the exact minute when the ice will break up in the Tanana River. Since 1917, when the pool was inaugurated, breakup day has varied from April 26 (in 1962) to May 15 (in 1935).

Efforts to dope breakup have involved science, astrology, numerology, mythology and hunch. Old soundboughs believe firmly in the luck of drunks, will shake one awake and bet on the minute, hour and day he mumbles from his deep inebriation. Once a group of Fairbanks engineers pooled their efforts over more than a year, took daily ice measurements, averaged temperatures, computed the melting time of ice in relation to depth of stream and emerged with a mathematical formula that they kept in

a bank vault. They backed their research with \$1,000. They were four days off. An Anchorage man determined by astrology that, in 1937, the breakup day had to be May 11. He covered every minute of May 11, at \$1 a minute, for \$1,440. The ice went out May 12, and the winner was a Fairbanks bus driver who took \$70,000 for his \$1. In 1945 the winning ticket took \$105,000. The joint holders, Miss Rita Harding and Tom Ringen, a miner, got \$22,000 apiece after taxes. They fell into each other's arms and got married. After a \$10,000-spreed honeymoon in California they opened a restaurant in Anchorage. There is sometimes difficulty in finding winners, who must be residents of Alaska or the Yukon Territory. A surprising lot of these sign their tickets with an "X," blandly assuming that "everybody knows my X."

As for those two resort owners accused of gambling, their trial will be resumed immediately after breakup, but right now Nenana can't be bothered. The ice could go out any minute. Yes, the pool is illegal, but it's historical, traditional and fun, too.

LIFT HIGH THE JUG INSURANCE

For the past 18 years the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen has been custodian of a gold and silver wine jug, which is the trophy emblematic of eighteared supremacy among high school crews at the Royal Canadian Henley Regatta. It had been presented in 1945 by William B. Cleland in memory of his son, Calder, who was killed over Sicily while serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Club officials knew the jug was something special. They insured it for \$1,000. It now turns out that, containing 19 pounds of superbly worked gold and silver, it is probably worth at least 50 times \$1,000. It may indeed be the world's most valuable sporting trophy.

The jug's probable value was discerned by John McColl, a Toronto expert in gold and silver. According to McColl, the jug was made in England for presentation to the Empress Eugenie upon her marriage in 1853 to Louis Napoleon of France. With the collapse of The Second Empire in 1870, she fled to England with whatever household treasures she could salvage—among them, the jug.

"People like this sold their treasures one by one to obtain enough money to maintain the kind of life they were used to," McColl says. It is believed that Cleland, who had been in the wine-making

continued



That's my boy!

Hockey season's over now, but for years to come we'll enjoy shots like this one of Jack saving a hard one in pre-game warm up. My Honeywell Pentax caught the action although I was sitting in the stands. How? With a 135mm telephoto lens—one of the several interchangeable lenses which I've bought for my Pentax.

Am I a professional photographer? Heck no; I'm just a guy with some active kids who wants to keep alive a few memories of their growing-up years. With my Pentax, I get pictures instead of snapshots of a crowd with my kids buried in the middle. I believe you could do the same.



The Pentax H-3, used for this picture, is \$199.50 with automatic f 1.8 lens and shutter speeds to 1/1000. Other models are \$149.50 and \$229.50. See them at your Honeywell dealer's today. Write for new brochure to Jack Baillie, Honeywell, Denver 10, Colorado.

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SCORECARD *continued*

business in St. Catharines (Ont.), found the trophy in an antique shop on a trip to England.

In order to get letters of certification to back up his evaluation, McColl has sent photographs of the jug to goldsmiths and silversmiths in England. The craftsmen are not waiting for a reply. They have already increased the insurance.

THE PUPS OF PAN

After 14 years of experimentation, Robert Webster of Gillingham, Dorset, England has produced a dog that never grows up. It is called a Webster terrier, stands about eight inches high and 16 long, has a red-brown coat, dark eyes, a blunt nose and an expression that has been described as combining "the candor of the fox terrier with the cuteness of the dachshund."

Webster's wife is ecstatic about the breed. "They are Peter Pan dogs," she says. "They do grow a little, but just to a convenient size." And as a further indication of their Peter Pan nature, they never lose their puppy playfulness.

Webster, who works for the British Foreign Office, is a seasoned dog judge and is now putting out diplomatic feelers to London's Kennel Club in the hope that the dog can be registered.

Well, the Kennel Club is not exactly sniffling, but it does have doubts that the strain can perpetuate itself.

"We shall, of course, consider the claim," a spokesman said, "but really" we feel that a new breed needs to have been developed by more than one individual over a century. The last new breeds we registered were the Pembroke and Cardigan terriers, back in the '30s. And people had been developing them for about 1,000 years."

Mr. Webster, it seems, will have to live to a ripe old age. But perhaps, like Peter Pan, he can learn the knack of making time stand still.

THEY SAID IT

- Ralph Houk, Yankee manager, on the Kansas City Athletics' new green-and-gold uniforms: "It kind of makes them look like grasshoppers."

- Casey Stengel, on complaints by some of his players about being with the Mets: "I told them that maybe they are fortunate in being with the Mets because there must be some flaw in them or they wouldn't have been sold to us by those other clubs."

END

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EVERYBODY RUNS TO BOSTON

by WALTER BINGHAM

Thundering down the main street of Hopkinton, Mass. last week came a herd of runners, the 245 entrants in the Boston Marathon. There were big runners and small runners, young runners and old runners, lean runners and even a few fat runners. Some were out for a lark, some merely to finish—but quite a few were out to win. The man who did, Aurele Vandendriessche of Belgium, set a course record as he defeated a brilliant field that included some of the world's best long-distance runners

Photographs by Ted Polubbaum





A red-blooded American male can dream of playing in the Masters, the World Series or the Rose Bowl, but chances are he will never get any closer than Row E, Seat 5. One event he can enter, however, is the Boston Marathon. All it takes is an AAU membership—charge 50¢—and an entry blank. Last week, as the 67th Boston Marathon got under way (left), everybody and two or three of his brothers seemed to have entered the race.

There were doctors and clergymen, grandfathers and college students and even one man from the Peace Corps—245 entries in all, the most in the history of the marathon. Among them, as usual, was Kurt Steiner, a short, 42-year-old glass bender from Brooklyn, who was once in the French foreign legion and spent two years in a German prison camp.

"I like to start fast," Steiner said. "Not to get my picture in the papers, although I always do, but because I never think we're running fast enough at first. Later on I find out I'm wrong, but I always finish the race. I want to break three hours this year." (The man out ahead in the picture is Steiner.)

Another starter was Patrick E. Rudd, wearing a T shirt with "McDonald's Hamburgers" on it. A good marathoner has a lean and hungry look, but Rudd, weighing 228 pounds, looked more like a left tackle. The idea, Rudd explained cautiously, was that an associate was to hand him a hamburger just after the start, then take his picture as he ate it while running with the crowd. Rudd, too, hoped to finish.

There were, of course, others in Boston who had higher aspirations than merely to finish, among them some of the top marathon men in the world: Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia, Brian Kilby of England, Eino Oksanen of Finland and Johnny Kelley of Connecticut. But none of these was able to run the 26-mile 385-yard course from Hopkinton to Boston faster than a 30-year-old Belgian named Aurele

continued

Finland's Tenho Salonen (left) led Fred Norris and Alva Breckenridge through middle miles of marathon, but far ahead of them Abebe Bikila moved along easily in first place. Then with only five miles to go, Bikila began to fade. At Coolidge Corner, two miles from the end,



Vandendriessche. A mere dot in the crowd at the start, he was all alone, two minutes ahead of the next runner, at the end. As he neared the finish line he raised his arms high and wide, and his face broke into a delighted grin. It should have. His time—2 hours, 18 minutes and 58 seconds—was the fastest ever recorded on the course.

That Vandendriessche (pronounced vandendreeyesh) won at all was remarkable. The favorite was Bikila, a 30-year-old guard in Haile Selassie's palace who had won the Olympic marathon in Rome running barefoot and had never been beaten at the distance. With him was a countryman, Mamo Wolde, the third fastest 10,000-meter man in the world today. Both had been training in the Boston area for a month. Oksanen, a detective back in Finland, had trained secretly in Rhode Island to defend the title he had won three times in the last four years; and the bushy-haired Kilby, the British Empire and European marathon champion, had

arrived several days early and was rested. So was young Kelley, winner of the race in 1957. He had come up from Groton, Conn., to stay with his friend, Old John Kelley, 55, a two-time winner, who was competing for the 33rd time and trying to better his 25th-place finish of last year.

For Vandendriessche, a clerk in a spinning mill, there were no such luxuries. The day before the race he crawled out of bed at 2 a.m., tiptoed past his wife and three young sons and took a final practice run through the soft pine-needle forest near his home in Waregem, Belgium. Generally he runs for three hours early in the morning, then runs some more at noon and after work, 30 miles in all. But this day he quit early to catch a plane that put him down at noon, Boston time. He was smiling, as always, and wearing a bright-blue suit and brown shoes.

At 3 that afternoon he was in bed—"it was 9 o'clock in Belgium," he explained—and he slept until midnight. He

Vandendriessche went ahead. As the Belgian entered downtown Boston, passing a pole-sitting fraternity man from Northeastern University, the race was his. Looking remarkably fresh as he neared the finish, Vandendriessche raised his arms in a victory salute and flashed his winning smile.



then watched "a movie of love" on television, dozed and simply lay on his bed, thinking of the race and waiting for a decent hour to go down and get breakfast. At dawn he ate a steak, toast and honey and had two cups of tea, then boarded the athletes' bus to the starting line in Hopkinton. He slept most of the way out.

The race began sharply at noon in raw, gray weather. Oksanen, with a position in front, led for the first few feet, but he was quickly passed by Steiner, running as if the finish line were just around the bend. Behind him thundered the herd. By the two-mile mark, front runners like Steiner had disappeared into the pack and the lead was taken by the two Ethiopians, Bikila and Wolde. Farther back, running in a tight little knot behind Alex Breckenridge, were young Kelley, Oksanen, Kilby and Vandendriessche. At Auburndale, 17½ miles from the start, Bikila and Wolde were still moving effortlessly, and their lead was almost

continued

As second-place finisher Johnny Kelley (4) was consoled by Trainer Jack Sample, and Eino Oksanen, who finished fourth, sucked on an orange, be-wreathed winner Vandendriessche enjoyed a triumphant glass of milk.



a third of a mile. The only question seemed to be which Ethiopian would win.

Outside of Auburndale, however, are three hills, sometimes called, collectively, Heartbreak Hill. Bikila seemed to take the hills as easily as any man could after running 20 miles. The same was true of Vandendriessche, who, with five miles to go, was running third. But the hills flushed Wolde. His shoulders sagged and his legs moved heavily. He was through as a front runner. So was Bikila, it soon developed. Nearing Coolidge Corner, the last checking station and only two miles from the finish, he was still ahead. But coming fast over the rise behind him was the Belgian.

"I had give up," Vandendriessche said later. "But when I see Bikila ahead, I know I beat him."

The Belgian passed the Ethiopian right in Coolidge Corner. Each gave the other a quick glance, and then the

Belgian was gone. Bikila, who later said he got a leg cramp, dropped back after that. Kelley passed him to finish second, Kilby was third, Oksanen fourth and, finally, the tired Bikila fifth.

For the next few hours there were periodic cheers along Exeter Street as runners jogged, walked and in some cases sprinted home. Old John Kelley finished, coming in 84th. Kurt Steiner, the front runner, failed to break three hours, but he did finish 91st, in 3:18:05. Nothing was ever heard from Pat Rudd, the hamburger man.

Aurele Vandendriessche listened to the cheers from his room overlooking the finish line. He answered questions and posed for pictures—no one had to ask him to smile—then took a hot bath and put on his bright-blue suit. He had enjoyed his visit, he said, but he was eager to get home, see his family and take a run through the forest.

END



A HOT TEAM IN THE OLD TOWN

Philadelphia, it has been said, is a city that loves a loser. Now that the new young Phillies seem to have developed winning ways, the inhabitants don't know whether to laugh or cry

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Twenty months ago a DC-6B taxied slowly across a rain-slicked runway at Philadelphia's International Airport bearing the most miserable collection of passengers in the history of major league baseball, if not in the history of aviation: the Philadelphia Phillies. Awaiting the team that had managed to lose 23 consecutive games were 300 proud Philadelphians and a five-piece band anxious to play *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. Frank Sullivan, a pitcher, looked glumly from the plane window and gave his teammates a warning. "Men," he said, "let's get out of here at one-minute intervals so they can't get us all with one burst."

There is no town anywhere, the cliché says, that scorns a winner and loves a loser quite as much as Philadelphia. In 1956, for instance, a young, blonde Main Line actress named Grace Kelly was just starting to go good when she realized her predicament and promptly had herself shipped out. In 1962, when Philadelphia's Sonny Liston acquired the heavyweight championship of the world, he sensed where winners stood and skeddaddled right off to Chicago without even waving goodbye to Locust Street.

This year Philadelphia may become a city torn. It seems to be in danger of having a winner in the Phillies, many of them the same forlorn souls who set

that National League losing record back in 1961. During the first two weeks of this season the Phils have 1) received a fine four-hit pitching performance from Art Mahaffey (see cover); 2) stormed from five runs behind to beat the Cincinnati Reds; 3) won four of their first five games, and 4) had baseball's leading batter in Don Demeter (.519). At the end of last week they had turned around and lost five of their next seven games, but not even this was enough to make Philadelphians happy again. It was apparent to everyone that the 1963 Phillies would never lose 23 straight games and, as horrible as it was to contemplate, might even finish in the first

Behind the outbreak of base hits and well-pitched games in Philadelphia, here is the careful trading and developing by General Manager



division for the first time in seven years.

Phillie fans, of course, were up to some novel tricks trying to put a stop to this nonsense. A lunatic found a nesting place in the center-field bleachers at ancient Connie Mack Stadium and started whipping firecrackers at the hometown outfielders. Hot-dog wrappers began cascading down from the stands, causing pitchers and infielders to stand in pools of mustard and waved paper. Everyone in Philadelphia has suddenly become an expert about the Phils and everyone believes that the Phillies have faults which only he can spot. Take Mrs. Janet Rahner, for instance. She believes that the Phils "need some pitching" help to go along with Art Mahaffey. Janet Rahner should know, too, because she has sat in her box seat behind home plate—she and her husband, Al, and their 9-year-old French poodle, Caesar—for many a season.

While there is new hope in Philadelphia for 1963, as always it must be tem-

pered with old Philadelphia caution. "Baseball joy," said an editorial in the *Bulldog*, "may turn to pain—and with the Phillies it usually has. Still, this is a time to dream."

The dreams, of course, actually began late in the 1962 season when the Phillies became the hottest team in baseball by winning 30 of their last 44 games. Lumped by many experts before the season began into a tarnished package that included the Houston Colt .45s, the New York Mets and the Chicago Cubs, the Phillies turned out to be far superior to any of these. They picked up 26 games in the standings over their finish of 1961 and played over .500 baseball for the first time in nine years.

"The Phillies," according to Fresno Thompson, vice-president and talent-developer for the Los Angeles Dodgers, "are a good, young ball club. They are one of the teams to watch now and in the future." Fred Hutchinson, the manager of the Cincinnati Reds, says, "Ev-

ery time you look up at the plate the Phils got another hitter coming up at you who can hit. It didn't used to be that way."

The things that have gotten the Phillies going are simply good management and good, young players. In 1959 Owner Bob Carpenter was confronted with an empty chair and a big problem when General Manager Roy Hamey accepted an offer from the New York Yankees. There was one man Carpenter wanted, John Quinn, who had built the Braves. Quinn built Brave teams finished out of the first division only twice, won three pennants, tied for another first place and earned a world's championship. Quinn came to Philadelphia to work on Jan. 13, 1959, and he has not stopped working since. He built his present Phillies on the theory that "You can make trades that help you, sure. But the basis of a team comes from the farms. That worked for me in Milwaukee and I'm trying to do the same thing here in

continued

John Quinn (left), the fiery spirit of Third Baseman Don Hoak (center) and the inquiring baseball mind of youthful Manager Gene Mauch



Philadelphia." Not long after Quinn left Milwaukee, four of his top scouts promptly followed him.

After losing the opening game of the 1960 season, Eddie Sawyer, then the manager of the Phillies, resigned. "I am 49 years old," said Sawyer, "and I want to live to be 50." Everyone, including Owner Bob Carpenter, thought that Alvin Dark, then an infielder with the Phils, would be appointed field manager by Quinn. Instead, Quinn went to Carpenter and said, "The man for us is Gene Mauch. I got him his first job [at Atlanta] and he had great success. At Minneapolis he got into two Junior World Series in two tries." Carpenter said something like "Who he?" but Quinn got his man.

Today Gene Mauch (pronounced Mock), at 37, is the youngest manager in the major leagues. Not too long after arriving in Philadelphia he began to confuse some of the fans with his strategies. Instead of having Phillie pitchers warm up in the bullpen along the left-field foul line as they had done for years, he moved them to right field, away from the "home side" dugout. "Most of the balls hit to left field in our park," says Mauch, "are straight away and will be caught or else go for home runs. Right field is different. It's tough to tell if a ball will be caught or if it will hit the wall. Let's say we get runners on second and third and somebody hits the ball to right. Somebody in the bullpen will wave to the base coaches and they can start to spin the runners around.

"On defense," continues Mauch, "the guys in the bullpen can direct the outfielder and warn him about the fence and tell him what base to throw to."

Gene Mauch is a pleasant but tough and introspective manager. "When I first came up to the Dodgers in 1944 as an infielder," he says, "I was fascinated at managing. I was an 18-year-old kid and I thought I knew a lot about baseball. I didn't know a thing. I watched Leo Durocher and wanted to be a manager, to have a chance to handle players and to know as many answers as there possibly were. When I first got to managing in the minors in 1953 I fought everybody. Myself, my players, other managers and other players. I was 27 years old and running a ball club and I made a lot of mistakes."

Larry Gilbert, a member of the Miracle Braves of 1914, and one of the best

and most successful Southern Association managers, spotted Mauch right away, however, as a superb tactician. "Gene Mauch," he said, "has brought more baseball into this league than any new manager in 10 years."

In the Southern Association, Mauch got into a feud with a Chattanooga pitcher, Jerry Lane. Lane said he was going to "stuck one" in Player-Manager Mauch's ear, or somewhere. Mauch dressed early one night and went out after Lane, who was shagging fly balls in the outfield. Mauch threw the only punch before the fight was broken up. It proved to his players that he was not afraid of anyone in any league.

For many years Mauch wore uniform No. 2, the same number that has always been associated with Leo Durocher. Today, however, he wears No. 4 and is not a carbon copy of Leo at all, although he can argue with the best of umpires. He has become popular with the Philadelphia fans because of his tempestuous ways. "I believe that the Phils are so highly thought of now," he says, "because they are young and have proven that they have talent. But I believe too that you can trace their playing together today right back to that losing streak of 1961. A feeling of unity came out of that whole rotten mess. They didn't like the results that went along with that streak and they did not like to be identified as playing for a ball club that set a league record for losses in a row. During that time each and every one of them was identified as being a Phillie and that meant loser.

"No matter what we tried, it wouldn't work. A million things went through my mind. Everything went through my mind. Did I think I was going to be fired? I saw everything went through my mind! The only thing I didn't really try was suicide, and I guess the reason I didn't try that was because it was the one thing that might have worked."

Before the Phillies began to play good baseball last August they once again went into a slump—an eight-game slump. "We thought maybe it was going to be the same thing all over again," says Mauch. "But suddenly they started to challenge people. They won a game, then another, then another, and they saw for themselves that they could get some runs and win. Once they started to win, it became like a big infection and they took on a feeling of great pride. Not selfish

pride but pride in each other. When the outfield was warming up, the infielders and the guys on the bench would start to holler over at the other dugouts, 'You ain't got no arms like those'. 'You ain't got guys that can hit like they can.' They believed it, too, and they bragged on each other and nothing makes a team move as much as that."

The outfield, of course, was and is worth bragging about. John Cullison stopped trying to pull every pitch and hit .300. Don Demeter, who had shuffled through platooning systems in the past, played both third and the outfield and was told he had to bat in runs. He promptly hit .307 and knocked in 107. Tony Gonzalez, who had loafed in some of his past seasons, began to hustle and fielded 1,000 while hitting .302. Wes Covington, while certainly no Joe DiMaggio, fielded as well as could be expected for Covington and hit .283.

With the addition of Don Hoak, obtained from the Pittsburgh Pirates during the winter, the Philadelphia infield has also become as solid as one of Connie Mack Stadium's walls. Hoak, with his fire and spirit, is far more than just a very good third baseman, of course. He is the kind of man who makes a team want to win every game. Says Mauch: "He's the kind of a player I always wanted to be myself." With Bobby Wine and Ruben Amaro, the team has two fine, young and improving shortstops, and Tony Taylor is one of the good ones at second base.

The real hope for the Phillies at present and in the future, however, must come from Arthur Mahaffey Jr. He is young and powerful and fast and quiet and terribly concerned about his pitching. His face is often drawn tight and to a jitter he looks like a baffling snarl of arms and legs. "All I ever thought about in my life," he said recently, "was pitching in the major leagues." At 24, he is nearly ready to challenge Don Drysdale of the Dodgers and Bob Gibson of the Cardinals as the fastest pitcher in the National League.

When Mahaffey takes to the pitching mound in Philadelphia, the ball park is his. "I can feel the people pulling hard for me most of the time," he says. "When they are really with me I am a better pitcher." Only one thing can stop Art Mahaffey from becoming a great pitcher and it is possible that even that thing will



Outfielding skill and powerful, classic swing of 24-year-old John Callow typify the youthful talent in which new-look Phillies are abound.

not stop him. This year, when Third Baseman Hoak came over from the Pirates, he told Mahaffey that the rest of the league had been reading his pitches. Richie Ashburn, who retired from the Mets to take a job as an announcer with the Philie network, said the same thing. Art Mahaffey seethed inside. He had been told that before by his own teammates and by his own manager, but somehow the idea of everyone else knowing what he himself knew stung him deeply.

If you ask Art Mahaffey what his biggest concern is in baseball, his big brown eyes are too honest to look away. "Hiding my pitches," he says. The hitters knew last year that when Mahaffey's elbows were out from his chest that a fast ball was on the way. If his elbows were drawn against his chest, it was a curve or a changeup. Forewarned, the hitters still could not stop Mahaffey from winning 19 games.

The development of Art Mahaffey as a pitcher closely resembles that of another

right-handed fast baller, Bob Feller of the Cleveland Indians. Just as Feller's father used to catch him for endless hours in Van Meter, Iowa, Art Mahaffey's father caught his son in the evenings after working as an elevator mechanic in Cincinnati. On Saturdays Mahaffey and his father would pack a lunch and go off to the park to pitch.

"When I got to high school at Western Hills High in Cincinnati," he says, "Paul Mohr was the baseball coach and he worked me and worked me and worked me and I loved it. He used to have numbers for spots on the catchers. One and two were the shoulders, three and four the knees. He'd tell you to pitch to one or two or three or four and he'd chart the pitches. At the end of the week he'd tell you that you threw so many bad pitches at such-and-such a number. If you were weak at one of them, you'd pitch until you had it right. In the winter I'd get up many mornings at 5:30 and go to the gym to pitch. Mr. Mohr would make us keep our right foot on a line

and lift the left leg up over a chair and step over the chair to get the right pitching motion. It was pretty simple. If you didn't step right you fell down."

Once school was out for the year, Mahaffey played baseball four hours a day. "I wanted to play. I loved to play," he says.

After playing for eight minor league teams in five years, Art Mahaffey got into his first game for the Phillies on July 30, 1960. His move to first base was so deceptive that he was convinced he could pick a major league runner off the first time one was rude enough to get on. Curt Flood of the Cardinals was that first rude runner. Mahaffey picked him off. Bill White was the second runner. Bingo! Four days later Jim Marshall of the Giants got to first base and Mahaffey picked him off. Three for three. "Maury Wills," Mahaffey said the other day, "has stolen one base on me in three years. I hope it won't sound like I'm bragging when I say I don't expect him to steal another."

END

Gridiron Odds

TODAY		
Favorite	Pts.	Underdog
PHILADELPHIA	Even	Washington
CHICAGO	2	Baltimore
Cleveland	3	ST. LOUIS
Detroit	4	GIANTS
PITTSBURGH	6	Dallas
LOS ANGELES	10 1/2	Minnesota
Home team in CAPITALS.		

This is a point-spread chart that appeared in the New York Daily News last fall; similar charts ran in papers all over the country. It is the weekly bible for pro football bettors. The key: bet Detroit and your team must beat the New York Giants by more than the four points if you are to win.

Betting on professional football games seems a natural thing to many millions of people. But last week NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle made some old truths painfully clear by TEX MAULE

PLAYERS ARE NOT JUST PEOPLE

Each of the big professional sports in America is administered by one man. These sports bosses are all too often only glorified secretaries, mere shadowy projections of the club owners. They are hired by owners, fired by owners and are manipulated like puppets by the owners whenever important decisions have to be taken.

Alvin (Pete) Rozelle, the commissioner of the National Football League, does not seem to fit this string-dance pattern. He has just suspended Paul Hornung of the Green Bay Packers, the biggest star in pro football, and Alex Karras, All-Pro tackle who was the key to the Detroit Lions' superb defense; he has fined five other Lions, as well, all for betting on football. He took this action without accepting any advice or pressure from the club owners who elected him. In fact, he says he did not advise the owners of his action until just before the news was released.

So, if Rozelle is hiding nothing, we have here a strong commissioner; this may be the most important fact to emerge from last week's unpleasantness. Pro football is the sports phenomenon of the postwar era. With such spectacular success inevitably come dangers. The slightest indiscretion may seem monstrous to the public. To maintain pro

football at its present pinnacle, the sport must be firmly controlled.

But if Rozelle is a strong commissioner, is he also a wise one? The immediate reaction to his drastic action was two-fold: on the one hand, many fans felt that he had been too severe in his penalties; on the other, almost as many felt that he had tried to cover up more serious offenses by penalizing severely the things he could not conceal. Some fans felt that Hornung and Karras had been given prison terms for running a red light; some felt that they had indeed run a red light, but only in escaping the scene of a burglary.

"There is absolutely no evidence of any criminality," Rozelle says. "No bribes, no game-fixing or point-shaving. The only evidence uncovered in this investigation, which included 52 interviews with players on eight teams, was the bets by the players penalized. All of these bets were on their own teams to win or on other NFL games."

The penalties were harsh, and deservedly so. The decision he reached in executing them, Rozelle says, was the "hardest of my life."

"I thought about it at length," he said. "The maximum penalty for a player would be suspension for life. That would be for failure to report a bribe

attempt or for trying to shave points. This sport has grown so quickly and gained so much of the approval of the American public that the only way it can be hurt is through gambling. I considered this in reaching my decision. I also took into account that the violations of Hornung and Karras were continuing, not casual. They were continuing, flagrant and increasing. Both players had been informed over and over of the league rule on gambling; the rule is posted in every clubhouse in the league, as well. Yet they continued to gamble. I could only exact from them the most severe penalty short of banishment for life."

Rozelle also fined the Detroit management \$4,000 for the laxity of its supervision. This seems no more than a slap on the wrist compared with the suspensions and \$2,000 fines against the players. But it does represent the biggest fine Rozelle could constitutionally levy without consulting the owners. He preferred to act on his own and go with the smaller fine.

The \$2,000 fines levied against the five Detroit players—John Gordy, Joe Schmidt, Wayne Walker, Gary Lowe and Sam Williams—were for a single bet on the Green Bay Packers against the New York Giants. Betting is as natural

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to many Americans as breathing, and these players were making a sociable bet on a game they were watching on television, something that happens in a million American living rooms every Sunday of the pro football season. But betting by a player is a direct violation of the NFL rules and is a far more serious thing than fan betting.

Broken-pattern betting by a player (SI, Jan. 28) can have very serious consequences. Suppose Karras, for instance, bets each week with a friend in his bar. If he bets consistently on the Lions, he establishes a pattern of confidence in his team which is clearly evident to the friend. Unless this friend is amazingly clovenmouthed, he will tell his friends that Karras is betting on his team. This may go on for four or five weeks; on the fifth or sixth week, Karras may have an unusual expense or be ill. So he does not make his customary bet. The immediate inference drawn by the friend and his intimates is that there is something wrong with that particular game.

On the other hand, suppose Karras should make a long series of losing bets? The tendency is to increase the size of the bet to try to make up the loss; if the losses mounted high enough, Karras would be open to blackmail by the man he is betting against. In any case, no matter how small the bets, it follows clearly that a professional football player cannot bet without indicating a preference in teams, whether he bets on his own team to win or not. (No evidence has been adduced of a player betting against his own team.)

It is hard not to conclude that Rozelle has been both judicious and unsparing in assessing these severe penalties. He was neither, alas, in his curious allusion to the "West Coast businessman" with whom Hornung placed his bets. Rozelle did not name him, but said he was a man Hornung met when he went to San Francisco to play in the annual East-West Shrine game.

The West Coast businessman is Bernard Maurice Shapiro, 39, who has been in business in Las Vegas, Nev. since 1956, when he purchased a 49½% interest in the Royal Nevada Hotel, which included a gambling casino. After the Royal Nevada went out of business, Shapiro started the United Coin Machine Co.; he now operates 54 amusement devices in Las Vegas, including 31 payoff pinball machines, 20 amusement games and three

continued



A GLORIOUS MOMENT for the Lions and star tackle Alex Karras (71) was their smashing victory over Green Bay last Thanksgiving Day. Here Karras barnes Packer passer Burt Starke.



AN INGLORIOUS GLIMPSE of headaches to come shows Karras' business partner, Jim Rostrom, unauthorized overrump of Detroit bench, applying ice pack to head of Joe Schmidt.

miscellaneous machines. When he lived in Hillsborough, Calif. he operated the B&B Novelty Co., a coin-machine business. His business reputation in San Francisco and Las Vegas is good, but a gambler is hardly the common conception of a "businessman," though gambling is, of course, legal in Nevada.

"The other big gamblers were just envious of his source," says one Las Vegas informant of Shapiro's football betting.

Hornung himself has identified Shapiro as the friend through whom he placed his bets. "There's nothing myste-

tigation indicates that Hornung's friend is a personal bettor, not a bookmaker.

"In late summer 1959 Hornung began placing bets on NFL and college games through his friend. They normally talked by telephone twice a week with Hornung counseling on various games, including those involving Green Bay, and usually making bets of \$100 to \$200. In several instances his bets reached \$500.

"The pattern continued through the seasons of 1960 and 1961. During the pre-season of 1962 Hornung ceased placing bets. Except for one season when he

ful to note that his investigation of the alleged betting proclivities of Carroll Rosenbloom, owner of the Baltimore Colts, has not yet been completed.)

One of Rozelle's most pressing tasks now is to make certain that any betting player will be detected immediately and punished. He already has looked ahead to this. At the spring meeting of the National Football League the owners will be clearly informed of their responsibilities in surveillance over their players. Rozelle will insist on close contact between clubs and local law-enforcement agencies. It was from the Detroit police department that the Lions first learned of the undesirable associations of Karas; their failure to report this at once to the league office really accounts for their \$4,000 fine. Rozelle used the second count—that of allowing unauthorized personnel on the sidelines during a game—to bring the total penalty as high as he could by fining the club the maximum on two counts instead of one.

Rozelle will ask for more money to strengthen the league investigative force, too, although the NFL spends more money on surveillance than any professional sports organization other than the Thoroughbred Protective Association. He would like to be given the power to assess fines in excess of \$2,000 against clubs or players on his own judgment instead of having to resort to the club owners for permission.

In the three years that he has been commissioner of the National Football League, Rozelle has had many tough problems. He saw his league win a \$10 million antitrust suit brought against it by the American Football League; he lobbied for and saw passed legislation that allowed the NFL to consolidate its television on a single network; he settled the dispute between the Los Angeles Ram owners and set up a satisfactory bidding procedure for purchase of the club; he presided over expansion of the league by the addition of Dallas and Minnesota, and he persuaded the Chicago Cardinals to move to St. Louis.

He has been a strong commissioner. It is hoped that he will continue to be. In his strength may lie the future of professional football.

END



HORNUNG BET THROUGH FRIEND



FRIEND WAS BARNEY SHAPIRO

rious or secret about it," Hornung said. "My friend is Barney Shapiro of San Francisco, who recently moved to Las Vegas. In 1956 I met him on a trip to San Francisco. He was and is a highly successful businessman. I have always considered Barney a very good friend and I still do. He has been, to my knowledge, only a businessman, the owner of a large novelty company, which he operated from San Francisco until last year when he moved to Las Vegas. Barney and I have talked together during the season and during the off season. I considered betting on some games solely because of his interest in the games, and I bet only through him as a personal friend."

In his report of the league investigations, Rozelle says: "The businessman bet on college and professional games and developed the habit of querying Hornung by telephone regarding his opinion of the outcome of various games. Invest-

won \$1,500, Hornung broke approximately even on his betting."

Rozelle obviously should have revealed all he knew. All he has accomplished by so euphemistically describing the man with whom Hornung placed his bets is to fan suspicion that worse is being concealed. Fortunately, that suspicion appears to be unjustified. Although the accused players could not be made to testify under oath, Rozelle's announcement followed a long and careful inquiry, and it was made with the McClellan Committee peering over his shoulder.

Rozelle has worked closely with the McClellan group and feels that it has uncovered no more information than that contained in his release. The assumption must be that this is true, for Rozelle would be in an untenable position if he announced these infractions, said there were no others and was proved to be wrong soon thereafter. (Rozelle was care-

ful to note that his investigation of the alleged betting proclivities of Carroll Rosenbloom, owner of the Baltimore Colts, has not yet been completed.)

GRIM COMMISSIONER, Pete Rozelle, blew the whistle and put two bonuses out of the game.



For frolicsome foals or finicky fans nothing is more glorious than

A BLUEGRASS SPRING

The pleasures of Thoroughbred racing may be had in a variety of settings in this country, from a concrete fortress, as at New York's Aqueduct, to the mountain-backed palm garden of California's Santa Anita. Commendable progress has been made, both in the production of good horses and in the elaborate facilities for racing them, for the entertainment of millions of new fans each year. Yet when the sport moves into Lexington, Ky. each April, it is quickly clear that the Bluegrass remains the nation's top breeding area—and one without peer in natural charm. As the photographs on the following pages by John Lewis Stage demonstrate, Lexington has kept the spontaneous atmosphere that gives racing a sporting—as well as a business—character. Laved by its clear sunshine and soft air, fans can study future form at one of the many small breeding farms near by or at a big establishment like Calumet (*opposite*). Here two fillies, one a sister and the other a daughter of Tim Tam, engage in a graceful ballet, not knowing and certainly not caring that their renowned relative once won the race that has made the Bluegrass famous all over the world—the Kentucky Derby at Louisville's Churchill Downs. For the study of current form, there is no more delightful place than the walking ring of the Keeneland track itself (*next page*). The management at Keeneland is proud, and justly so, that Lexington attracts informed sportsmen to its meets. Nowhere else in the U.S. are spectators allowed to follow races without the squawking intervention of a public address system. Their cries of excitement, pleasure and occasional despair are felt to need no metallic encouragement.





Framed by the blooms of an Oriental magnolia tree, Keeneland outriders lead the walking ring parade





Returning from pasture, a mare and her foal enter the barn area at Walmae Farm



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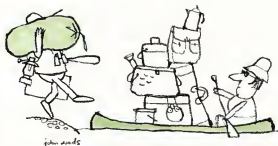
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Magnetic Products Division



NOT SO GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM

by ALICE HIGGINS



A long weekend loaf on a lazy river is the object of a canoe float, but there are always unimagined hazards when one leaves the friendly shore in a fragile shell, and no waterborne search for peace can escape them

Although the Missouri Conservation Commission lists 50 rivers and streams as floatable—at least some of the time—my St. Louis friends are devoted to the Current, not only for its beauty but also for its dependability. Being spring-fed, it never gets too thin, and its waters, hurrying over a gravel bottom, are rarely dingy. So to my friends it is the *prima inter pares* of floaters' rivers, though Jack's Fork and the Eleven Point are not without their partisans.

Floating, for the uninitiated, is a one-way, downstream trip in a canoe or john boat, the latter being the shallow wooden skiff that appears in the river paintings of Bingham in the last century and in the comic strip *Pogo* today. Many floaters fish, some hiring guides and commissary boats; others, like my friends, go alone and simply loaf. Attracted by the notion of a weekend loaf, I went along on their most recent float, an excursion led by a painter named Anne LaMonte. (Every expedition needs

a leader, Anne pointed out, adding, "Someone has to be tyrant, and I'm very good at it.") Anne's semidocile followers were Mary Augustine, Pete Willson, and Elihu Hyndman, experienced floaters all, and Bee Brown and myself. Bee had floated on her honeymoon years ago, but now her husband has fresher memories of the outdoor life encountered in World War II and will have absolutely no part of floating.

We were to be two to a canoe, with the equipment in the middle, and this equipment immediately became the cause of a palace revolution, which Anne lost. Anne was for austerity and light travel— pemmican and peanut butter, washed down with bourbon—but Elihu carried the day with appeals for creature comforts, and there were cries of grief from Anne as the list grew.

For the canoes, a call was made to Orville Spurgeon, who has the only tavern—and apparently the only phone—between Salem and Eminence, Mo. We

agreed to rent three 17-foot aluminum ones at \$5 a day, and to meet at Orville's tavern on Friday to discuss just where we would get in and out of the river, and at what time he would meet us with our cars. The tavern turned out to be populated largely by stuffed game, whose glassy eyes matched those of the human clientele. As we awaited Orville, these beery gentlemen offered friendly advice on the state of the river, friendly invitations to "drop by home for a drink" and firm opinions against the Monument Bill. (Later, on the river, the only marks of civilization we would see for hours would be large signs saying, "Monument, No.") These referred to the so-called Monument Bill, now before Congress. Last year the legislation had aimed at turning the Current and Jack's Fork into a national monument. Now the plan is to make them into "Ozark National Rivers." The locals oppose either version because they do not care for the prospect of a flood of tourists or for

continued



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federal supervision of any kind, on principle. Secretary Udall recently floated the rivers.)

Orville seemed unhappy that we did not plan to fish, and generously offered to reveal the best pools. We learned that he not only is an ardent fisherman but an inventor of lures; one in particular he has named the "Crooked Hooker." Orville will pay \$100 to any fisherman who can beat him with a non-Spurgeon lure. We declined the proposition, and arranged instead to meet the next morning at Akers Ferry.

Having been roused at six by Anne—determined to be lazy on the river and not in bed—we started the not-so-lazy process of embarkation. An absolutely staggering mound of equipment built up on the gravel bar at Akers Ferry, including a suspicious number of folding chairs, cocktail tables and cushions, property of Elihu, which Anne thought she had successfully "forgotten" in St. Louis. Even Orville, who has seen off many a floating tourist, looked dismayed and cast nervous little glances at his fleet. But, like busy worker ants, we gradually reduced the mound, piling objects into canoes and lashing them down to avoid loss in a swamping. Anne and Bee, sharing a canoe, were neat and precise, putting everything in its most convenient place. Mary's belongings seemed to have a squirming life of their own. Every time one thing was pushed in, four would ooze out the other end. Since Pete, another tidy type, was Mary's canoe partner, he soon began to wear a look of alarm as he snatched at creeping canteens and wandering charcoal briquettes. Elihu made cunning attempts to fob off some large objects on other canoes, but they returned to ours like homing pigeons. A brief jurisdictional fight took place over the beer chest, which Elihu won and triumphantly lashed to the thwart behind my seat. By this time the sun was beating down fiercely on the gravel bar, and the promised tranquil joys of the river seemed very remote. I began to wish I were home in Manhattan watching the soot fall. But finally the last thing was lashed into place and, though our canoe looked a bit like a floating aluminum trash bin, we slipped into the river.

The current immediately caught us, and we started downstream at a pleasant pace. "The bow paddler," said Elihu behind me, "supplies nothing but muscle

when needed. I will do the thinking." I hadn't realized there was any paddling involved in floating, but of course the canoe must be aimed from time to time. Also, I was to learn, a head of steam must be built up to get through the shallow riffles. It had been 15 years since I'd had a paddle in my hand, so I put mine in the water to see if I could still handle one. A few strokes—and suddenly there was a surprising amount of water around my ankles. Elihu had wisely foreseen this possibility and was able to supply a sponge. As I was mopping, Elihu continued his lecture on the simple duties of the bow paddler: besides supplying muscle from time to time, I was also to look out for snags in the river and to open the beer. He then left me to my duties and reclined in the stern looking like Madame Récamier in a straw hat. As I was opening a beer, Bee and Anne, with the same thirsty thought, drifted alongside. Delivery was solved by putting the open can on the end of a paddle and passing.

So we slid through the water, drinking our beer, watching the bright birds and listening to the sound of the river. From time to time we hurried over little riffles, occasionally scraping the bottom of the canoe, and once we were brought to a scrunching halt. There was nothing to do but get out and lead the canoe like a dog on a leash through the shallows. But most of the time we were in tranquil pools, passing moist limestone ledges festooned with ferns and wild flowers. Because of the fairly constant temperature of the river there is an unusual variety of both birds and plants. We paddled nearer the bank to admire the white, lavender and yellow blossoms in the mossy shade. We came upon a fisherman looking hopeful but empty-handed. Again we overtook Anne and Bee, drifting ahead of us, and held on to each other's canoes and floated together, watching the scene change on the banks and savoring the river's serenity.

A large black cow, of all things, put an end to the morning's peace. There she stood, suddenly, in a narrow part of the river choked on either side by fallen trees, placidly enjoying her bath. Anne, who was leading the way, shouted "Scall! Shool!" and similar threats, but Bossy merely turned on a look of mild reproach and stood her ground or, rather, her water. It was rapidly becoming a question of whether to ram a cow or a large boulder, neither of which looked very

yielding, when Anne's voice of authority, by then taking on a hysterical edge, did the trick. Bossy retreated about three paces, and one canoe after the other flashed by under her indignant gaze.

We passed into an area of high bluffs with gnarled trees clinging in their crevices. Caves in somber shadow invited us mysteriously, and here and there a spring slipped from the rock and sprayed into the river like a giant shower. Only a ruined castle was needed to give the scene the final 19th century romantic touch. We drifted by a few more fishermen in john boats and exchanged greetings. They were empty-handed but optimistic. The sun sparkled on water so clear that the river's gravel bottom was almost always visible. I was gazing dreamily into its depth when I saw a large fish, so I knew there was one around to be caught. Straightening up to follow its route, I caught sight of a log just under the surface. "Elihu!" I screamed, "Log! Log!" I didn't have sense enough to tell Elihu where it was, but sat in paralyzed fascination, watching us heading dead at it while Elihu sat up, tried to collect himself and decide where to steer. Onto it we went, scrunching along until at last, at the equipment-laden center of the

continued





NOT SO GENTLY continued

canoe, we were caught. As perfectly suspended as a seesaw, we teetered, first the stern and then the bow, back and forth into the water. When it was all too obvious that no amount of jiggling and wiggling would unstick us, Elihu braved the jeers from the other canoes, and the cold water, went over the side and pushed us off. I hoped that hadn't happened to Mr. Udall.

We caught up with the others just as they rounded the bend where, on our left, was the vaulted opening of Cave Springs. White mist rose from the steel-blue water as the cold spring joined the river, and wild geraniums, grouped in the rocks like flower baskets, trailed from overhead. We paddled into the chill, misty dusk of the cave, where light, refracted from the blue water, flickered on the bull walls, and tears of moisture plopped mournfully from the ceiling. Through a small passage, we slipped into another round chamber, the source of the spring. We sat there listening to the different sounds of the water in the gloom, until Anne remarked, "It's a fine place for snakes," her voice echoing from the vault. I started paddling hastily for the exit. As it turned out, no work was necessary on my part—the push of the spring to the river seized the canoe and eased it firmly through the gap and into the reception chamber. But there something went wrong, for we emerged from the cave and its mists going downstream backwards.

"This," said Elihu as he began to straighten us out, "is not approved of in better floating circles."

The others pushed us, aimed forward, in search of an inviting-looking gravel bar for lunch. Soon we found one and

swept down upon it with glad cries. Then began the sweaty task of unloading. We tramped up the bank with food, chairs, cushions, tables, ground covers and a shovel for burying the luncheon remains, while Elihu, under some pretext I cannot recall, watched approvingly from under a shade tree, sipping a beer, of course. Anne fixed an ample cold buffet and filled our plates. Later she waded into the river to cool off from her exertions, and found she was able to sit down and lean her shoulders against the current as though it were a chair. But her comfort was short-lived. The zipper in her shorts had opened a bit, and a school of minnows swam in. With a shriek, Anne made an Olympic leap from river to gravel bar, shedding minnows. She disappeared behind a clump of trees after clutching, en route, the clean clothes she had laid out.

We pushed on downstream, the trees making gothic arches over the river, and the water a soothing murmur. Another pocket of mist on the right indicated a major spring coming up, and we angled across to beach our canoes at the foot of a stately cliff. It guarded the entrance to Pullight Springs. "Now I want everyone to ooh and ah!" Anne announced. "This is the most beautiful spot on the river. Or," she added, "maybe anywhere."

Shreds of mist clung to the rocks of the double cascades down which the blue water, slashed with white foam, tumbled into the river. We followed them on foot back to their source, a quarter-mile walk of wild beauty—rocks and water twisted into changing patterns and the music of their coursing filling the moist air. "The last time I

was here," Anne said, "I saw two children sledding down the falls, flat on their bellies on rubber mattresses. It looked like fun, but in this place it seemed almost irreverent."

The gorge led to a horseshoe-shaped dell encircled by tall bluffs. The spring itself, a huge, majestic pool at their base, was wreathed in watercress. We gathered some for our dinner and hurried away, almost fearful of the spell cast by this magnificent glade.

Since we had idled so long at lunch, Anne decreed that the time had come to search out our evening camp, and she soon found a choice bar. The kitchen site was selected first, and then the scramble began for the best bedroll locations. Elihu first claimed a particularly lumpy-looking section of stones but, on further exploration, coveted Anne's location. Anne, after driving a crafty bargain with him about dishwashing, relinquished her site, and then revealed that she had spied an even better one for herself at the other end of the bar. When everyone was more or less satisfied with bedrooms, and the ground covers were unfurled, the most dreadful trial of the trip began, a task requiring strength, endurance, stamina and moral fiber: blowing up the air mattresses. This labor accomplished (and after I stopped gasping like a beached whale), we repaired to the river with soap and towel for the evening bath. Then came the insecticide-anointing and a change into clean clothes and dry shoes. (Anyone who has never floated may find it hard to appreciate the simple luxury of being able to walk without going "squish" at each step.)

Pete, meanwhile, had gotten the fire started, and bedrolls quickly yielded up a harvest of bottles: Scotch, bourbon, gin, vodka and even two bottles of wine for dinner. We took our ease on Elihu's disputed furniture, dipped into assorted canapés spread out on the folding cocktail tables and sipped cool drinks. Obviously, a gravel bar can be a very homey place.

Dinner preparations attracted an interested audience of bugs, including a large airborne species that lives for one day. This was *der Tag*, naturally. The meal was considered a treat, however, despite the small misfortune with the corn. It came out of the fire with its aluminum foil cover glowing like a horseshoe fresh from the forge and, once unwrapped, presented a similar

charred appearance. But fresh air, several strong Scotches, a glass or two of burgundy and exercise work wonders for the picky appetite. The exercise, as a matter of fact, continued throughout the meal, since we kept one arm circling constantly to swat our flying guests.

Later, we sat around the dying fire, nightcaps in hand, singing a bit, talking now and then, but mostly watching the night mist seep off the river and the sliver of a crescent moon slip as silently across the sky. Anne sighed contentedly as she checked the campsite—all neat and tidy—and her not so tidy friends. The Coleman lantern was put out, our insect visitors vanished and one by one we did the same, disappearing into the underbrush with flashlight and pajamas to change for the night.

I wriggled into my sleeping bag and looked up at the stars. I was relaxed, at peace and ready for sleep. Directly overhead a whippoorwill on the prowl tuned up—whip-poor-will! Then, whip! whip! whip! like a poorly grooved record. His friend answered from another tree, and they conversed happily for a while. I turned my mind to the possibilities of a silent introduction service for whippoorwills, and then the bullfrogs started. They sounded large and lonesome. A great deal of crunching seemed to be going on around the gravel bar as people either disappeared into the brush or went to the water jug for a final drink. I thrashed around, thinking wistfully of clanking garbage trucks and other city night noises that I could sleep through like a baby, when someone crunched alongside me. I could make out Elihu's silhouette against the stars. "Phssst!" he hissed, "have one of these!" He held out a small bottle and a glass of water. "Sleeping pills," he explained. "I keep them especially for float trips."

So came the glorious dawn, and I slept right through it. But the sun was soon beating on the gravel, and I awoke feeling like a loaf in a stone oven. I squirmed out, squinting and fumbling for sunglasses. As usual, my pre-coffee mood was absolutely sinister. Elihu, depressingly cheerful, was making the rounds of the sleeping bags distributing an eye-opener called "Brown 'N Serve"—orange juice and bourbon. Gripping our drinks and trailing folding chairs, we gathered under the shade trees, there to sit and sip and shyly outwait each other on starting breakfast. The morning levee was obviously going to be a lengthy one. We watched some canoes and john boats pass our gravel bar. The Sunday river seemed as busy as Route 66. Two boys floated by sitting in inner tubes, which looked like fun until I remembered the turtles in the river.

At last, bacon, eggs, coffee and hot sweet rolls were fixed by Bee. After eating, we scuffled around the bar, picking up and packing up. Mary, who by now had lost two lipsticks and a compact, sat cross-legged in the middle of her air mattress, looking like a puzzled Venus rising from a foam of polyethylene bags as she tried to gather her scattered belongings. Anne organized everyone else into helping her and Bee, and soon their canoe, neatly packed, was in the water and on its way downstream. When Elihu and I finally pushed off, we waved to Mary and Pete, who were still collecting their laundry from the shrubbery.

Once on the river, all was serene again. The current was wider now, and although the trees no longer formed arches their outlying branches seemed to hover caressingly over the water, making green tunnels, through which we paddled near the bank. Three white geese sat tranquilly on an arching branch and watched us

continued

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NOT SO GENTLY *continued*

float under, and once we saw a lethal-looking water moccasin coiled in the sun on a beaver-felled trunk. The sight sent us paddling toward the river's center. There we floated peacefully, admiring billowy clouds drifting over the bluffs. We should, at that moment, have been looking in the opposite direction. Just under the water's surface was a large boulder, and before I could even say "Elihu!" we were on it—scrunch: in dry doek again. "Alice," said Elihu, "as a snag-watcher, you are a failure." Once



again the center of the canoe was perfectly in balance and, as the current caught us, we turned in the river like a weathervane on a church steeple. At about the third revolution I went over the side—before I was swatted by Elihu's paddle—and pushed and tugged the canoe off its roost. As I struggled against canoe and current in the waist-deep water, Mary and Pete floated past, their damp laundry spread on the center tarp. They waved somewhat smugly.

Underway again, and marveling at the unsinkable qualities of Mr. Spurgeon's canoe, we passed a fisherman sitting on the bank. "Anything happening?" called Elihu. "Not often," was the laconic response. We overtook the boys in the inner tubes—by now they were turning a vibrant shade of cyclamen pink—and asked if they wanted a tow. They admitted the river was sort of lazy in this stretch but decided to continue on their own. The current did not stay so good-humored for long, however. Already the

continued



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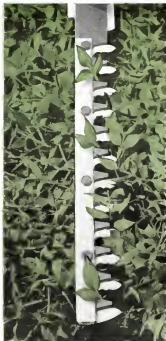
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rapid, louder music of fast water could be heard. As we approached a gentle bend, Elihu maneuvered the canoe into the center current to be prepared. We swept into the wide curve and ahead we could see a narrow and evil-looking kink in the river, where the water threw itself angrily against a steep and log-choked bank.

"Paddle on the port side—hard!" Elihu instructed. "If we reswept against that bank, we'll swamp." That was an unappealing prospect, so we put our backs into it and paddled like fury against the tugging water. Our efforts were a bit too successful. Before we knew it, we hit a calmer spot out from the bank, and, since we were still paddling with all our might, we made a nifty and completely unexpected U-turn and found ourselves aimed back upstream.

"That," Elihu announced, "is what is known as overcompensation." Still flailing away with my paddle, I asked just what we were going to do to get out of the situation dry. We were held by the current, and our own paddling efforts, in one spot, but at least we weren't being taken through the mill backwards. "Hm-mm-m," said Elihu, "the time has come to get out and walk. Aim for the shallow bank." So, with much panting and thrashing, we managed the canoe into the swift but shallow waters, hopped out, fought it around, walked it downstream a way into a better launching position and hopped back aboard. Instantly we were seized by the current and hurried toward the dreaded bank. We bounced off a log broadside, rocking wildly, but Mr. Spurgeon's remarkable canoe carried us through again, and we soon emerged into calmer waters, a bit unstrung but not upset.

We caught up with the others and began the search for a lunch bar. Elihu found an unusual one of sand, opposite a brooding, lichen-spotted bluff. There we waded into the chill waters to cool off, watching nosy minnows nibble at our ankles. Bee-scooped up crayfish from the gravel bottom, later cooked them and pronounced them delicious. Elihu discreetly snatched all the available cushions and, arranging a pushlike cozy corner in the shade, had a nap. We unfolded our camp stools in the dappled water and ate sitting there, as Anne admonished us to eat everything so there wouldn't be leftovers. We almost succeeded in making her happy. The inner-

continued

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NOT SO GENTLY *continued*

tube floaters drifted by, now a deep puce hue, and waved limply. Overcome by languor, we lingered on our bar, reluctant to make the start that would end the trip.

Back in the ever-widening river, the signs of civilization on the banks were now more frequent. The sudden scent of cows wafted across as we passed a farm; the sound of voices as we drifted by a camp. The patient and apparently always disappointed fishermen were now more numerous. We continued downward, past the scarred faces of looming



Two husky paddlers can make it from Akers to Round Spring in a little under three hours, but it is much more fun to float down in two days.

bluffs and leaning trees whose trailing leaves stroked the water, while the immense shadows cast by a dying sun made twilight shapes on the water. We rounded a curve, the three canoes hitched companionably together, and saw ahead, arching like a cat's back across the river, the bridge that marked Round Spring and the journey's end. We passed the conflux of Sinkin' Creek, aptly named because at one point it goes underground, then gets bored in the dark and reappears to meet the limpid Current River. We also passed the inner-tube boys, looking ready to be served up with drawn butter. The raucous stutter of an outboard motor, the first we had heard since the float began, shattered the peace. Reluctantly we took to our paddles to edge across to the takeout point.

Oeville stood on the river bank, a long shadow in the lowering sun, pleased to see his canoes returning safely to the fold. "Anything happen?" he asked, as we crunched ashore. "Not often," I replied.

END



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The case of the curious colt

Suddenly the Derby has become a three-horse race, thanks to a nosy, nervous youngster

After the first 38 runnings of the Wood Memorial, no fewer than six of its winners went on to win the Kentucky Derby a few weeks later. These six—Gallant Fox, Twenty Grand, Johnstown, Count Fleet, Hoop Jr. and Assault—have made the mile-and-an-eighth Wood the No. 1 training ground (Hialeah's Flamingo is second with five) of Derby winners among all the major winter and spring stakes on our racing calendar.

Last week at Aqueduct many among the 58,064 present were convinced that the 39th Wood, won by Greentree Stable's No Robbery, had produced a seventh alumnus (and first since Assault in 1946) capable of bringing off this enviable double. No Robbery, a son of Swaps out of the speedy Bimelech mare Bimelette, is now undefeated, with five wins, only one less than Candy Spots. If both take this record with them to the post at Churchill Downs on May 4 it will be the first time in the 89 Kentucky Derbies that the field can boast two unbeaten colts.

Greentree is not pinning all its hopes on No Robbery. His stablemate, Outing Class (winner of last summer's Hopeful at Saratoga), runs in this week's Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, and if both start in the Derby they will provide owners John Hay Whitney and Mrs. Charles Shepmay Payson with an almost ideal double-barreled offensive against Candy Spots and Never Bend. No Robbery has tremendous speed from the gate and loves to run on the front end—for what distance nobody knows yet. Outing Class, on the other hand, comes from way back. He is capable of running down all but the very southearted in the stretch.

No Robbery is a beautiful bay, of about average size, who looks much

more like the Bimelechs than like Swaps. But he is a curious colt—so much so, in fact, that his curiosity might have cost him victory in the Wood if sheer class hadn't pulled him through. What he does is gawk at things, anything—people, tractors, flagpoles, grass, maybe even the tote board. After the Wood was over, Jockey John Rotz said, "He must have seen everything there was to see at Aqueduct."

Quickly out of the gate in the 10-horse field, No Robbery and George D. Widener's Crewman sped the first half mile together in 46½. "If Shoe [Shoemaker, aboard Crewman] hadn't taken back at that point," said Rotz, "I would have. Neither of us wanted a two-horse speed duel." Shoe did take back, or rather Crewman did, and so abruptly did he quit that if Shoemaker had had his car parked by the half-mile pole he could have made a quick getaway through Saturday's heavy traffic. Crewman finally finished ninth.

Meanwhile No Robbery had things his way, or mostly so. It was his first race around two turns, and therefore he may be excused for being very green. On the first turn he couldn't very well bear out because Crewman held him in. But once in front all alone he got playful. "He was trying to veer out most of the way," said Rotz. "He looks at the center field, pricks his ears and throws his head all over the place." The payoff came on the final turn, when No Robbery veered toward the middle of the track, losing a good four lengths in the process and allowing Patrice Jacobs' Bonjour to come through on the rail. Rotz, who had been tugging frantically on his left rein the whole trip, now went to bat right-handed with his whip, and No Robbery managed to win over Bonjour by two and a half lengths without brushing off any spectators on the outside rail. His time: a very good 1:49½.

Generally when a horse veers out persistently in his races it means something is hurting him. Both Rotz and Trainer

John Gaver say their colt is fine, and certainly No Robbery walked off to his barn without taking a bad step. This trait can also be blamed on lack of experience, or it could be that the colt has a tender mouth. Oddly, he sticks close to the inside rail in his morning works at Belmont, and in winter training at Aiken, S.C. he never treated the Carolina pines with the roughish suspicion that he turns on the Aqueduct tractors and bettors. In any case, in his first race against decent opposition No Robbery demonstrated that he does possess class. Whether this will prove to be stronger than curiosity when the colt gets a peek at the frantic goings-on in the Churchill Downs infield is interesting to contemplate.

Sluggish tune-up

The day before the Wood, Never Bend got his first tune-up since the March 2 Flamingo. He was not very impressive in winning the seven-furlong Forerunner at Keeneland by a meager one length (in 1:22½) over something called Blaze Starr (that's the horse, not the stripper). "It was not one of his best races," said his owner, Captain Harry F. Guggenheim, "but he did what he had to." Never Bend will get one more pre-Derby race, either in this week's Stepping Stone (seven furlongs at Churchill Downs) or in the mile Derby Trial just four days before the big one. Candy Spots will go in the Trial or have no prep race at all. From the way Guggenheim talks it seems likely that Never Bend will pick the Trial. But, said Guggenheim, "Quoting the President, I would have to say, 'it's not quite time to make a judgment on that.' Anyway it depends entirely on what we think is best for our horse. We'll meet Candy Spots all right, but why should we necessarily care about meeting him before the Derby? The Derby will be tough enough."

Tough, yes, and with No Robbery poking his curious nose into the act, that two-horse Derby has acquired a triangular look. **END**

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A chancy way to win

Tournament bridge players contend quite rightly that theirs is a game of skill. Toward the close of a major team championship, however, when only the most skillful have survived, the lucky bounce may decide who gets the silverware. Throughout the final rounds of the recent Vanderbilt Cup matches, Alvin Roth often gazed at the ceiling—but not to seek inspiration. He was beseeching the favors of fortune. His prayers were heard, for Roth's team—captained by Clifford Russell, with William Seamon, Harry Harkavy, Mrs. Edith Kemp and Albert Weiss—won this most historic of all bridge trophies in a playoff, and fortune helped on the hand below. It was played in a semifinal match against Sidney Silodor, Norman Kay, John Crawford and George Rapee.

In one room where the hand was being contested, Seamon watched the bidding move to six spades and then doubled. The contract was defeated by 500 points, but Seamon was quick to apologize to

his partner for doubling. South might have decided to try six no trump, a contract that could have been defeated only by a club lead from West. So, the champions-to-be prospered in spite of the double at that table.

A little later, in another room, Russell and Harkavy had the offensive hands, and a quirk in the bidding led them to a successful slam. It went:

NORTH (Russell)	EAST (Crawford)	SOUTH (Markary)	WEST (Rapee)
PASS	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
2 N T.	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
4 ♠	DOUBLE	4 ♠	PASS
6 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

*Artificial bid, forcing for one round

Because of the artificial opening bid, spades were—fortunately—never mentioned by North-South. Crawford's double asked Rapee to lead clubs, and accidentally steered West away from the leads that could set the contract, namely, the ace of spades, followed by a small spade. Nor did Rapee have the benefit of hearing spade bids from both North and South, bids that would have led him to discover the spade leads himself.

At six diamonds Harkavy won the opening club lead and pulled trumps. He then led the heart ace and crossed over to the dummy with the diamond jack. The king of hearts and the high club provided two discards for his two small spades, and a trick was conceded only to the ace of spades.

The score of 1,370 points, added to the 500 points gained in the other room, gave the Russell team 18 International Match Points. Its final winning margin over the Silodor team was only 12 IMPs. Thus, this hand, swinging as it did on South's willingness to open with the artificial two-club bid, enabled Russell's team to take the match and move on to its championship.

END

Both sides
vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠ 6 5 3 2
♥ K 10 6 4
♦ 2 7 5
♣ A K

WEST
♠ A J 10 9
♥ J 9 8 3
♦ 4
♣ J 8 6 3

EAST
♥ 4
♦ Q 7 5 2
♣ Q 3
♠ Q 10 7 5 4 2

SOUTH
♠ K Q 8 7
♥ A
♦ A K 10 9 8 6 2
♣ 9

NORTH (Kay)	EAST (Roth)	SOUTH (Silodor)	WEST (Seamon)
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
1 ♥	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	4 N T.	PASS
6 ♠	PASS	6 ♠	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	



TORONTO'S DAVE KEON TAKES A VICTORY SWIG OF CHAMPAGNE

HOCKEY / Rex MacLeod

Dregs from the cup that enriches

Postseason play for the Stanley Cup can bring suspense and upsets, but this year all it proved was that the champions were really champion

The trouble with most professional sports is that their sponsors don't know when to stop. And as long as the fans keep crowding up to the box office to see postseason games, they are not likely to learn. The regular National Hockey League season of 70 games per team—a heavy enough schedule in itself—ended nearly a month ago with the emergence of Coach Punch Imlach's Toronto Maple Leafs as the virtually undisputed champion. But because New York's great owner-coach-player Lester Patrick got the notion some 40 years ago of using an old challenge cup presented by Lord Stanley as an excuse for extending the hockey season well into the baseball season, the Leafs had to win their championship all over again.

They did it with consummate ease in what proved one of the least suspenseful cup series in years. The Toronto team, efficient and cautious much of the time, tough and aggressive when they had to be, required only five games to eliminate Montreal's Canadiens, and only five more to dispose of the Detroit Red Wings, who should never have been in the finals anyway.

Despite League President Clarence

Campbell's sturdy insistence that "there is more excitement generated during the Stanley Cup playoffs than there is during the rest of the season," the players were as matter-of-fact as a platoon of stockbrokers performing routine chores around the exchange, with the fans watching dutifully but silently like sightseers at an art gallery.

"There wasn't a tough game in the whole series," said Imlach's million-dollar forward, Frank Mahovlich. "I thought it was a specially quiet series during the first four games, with nobody going all-out." Moody and seemingly indifferent, Mahovlich himself played so listlessly that he was booed by Toronto fans in a downtown victory parade.

"I didn't think it was so quiet down where I was," said the Leafs' scarred and ageless goalie, Johnny Bower. "With that Gordie Howe firing bullets at me all night long, I kept wondering if one of them was going to take my head off."

Gordie was working hard. At 35, the former captain and now assistant coach of the Red Wings is the most respected player in the league and, in the opinion of many, its ablest. As Bower's testimony indicates, he was a formidable player

throughout the series, on the ice about 80% of the time in the final game. But, hard as he tried, Gordie could not do it alone, and there seemed to be no one else. The Red Wings had come a long way through the season on a kind of youthful exuberance. But in a determination to play it safe for the Stanley Cup, Coach Sid Abel had removed much of the excitement by dropping from the team his fire-and-brimstone defenseman, Howie Young, the top penalty gatherer of all time, after the second game of the series.

"We tried," said a weary Gordie Howe when the last game of the series was over, "but it was like growling against thunder." A personal ovation from the Toronto crowd was the only triumph he could bring home out of the series.

"The Leafs," conceded his teammate Bill Gadsby in the locker room sometime later, "are a good hockey team. But," the veteran defenseman added, "they're also the luckiest bunch in the league. They stole two games from us on ridiculous breaks."

Punch Imlach's rejoinder to this kind of criticism might well be a quiet, "Still, we got the games, and they counted."

continued

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HOCKEY *continues*

Two Stanley Cups in two years and a league championship in one of them suggests that Toronto's current supremacy in the NHL is no fluke. "They were the strongest team all through the season," said Boston's Milt Schmidt last week. "I picked them all the way."

Not everyone was willing to give the Leafs that much credit. Some suggested that the emergence of the relatively colorless Toronto team is simply an indication that big league hockey is becoming a feeble facsimile of its former self. They question Imlach's use of a two-goalie system, which they claim is risky at best, and they criticize both of the goalies involved: ancient Johnny Bower, who was a veteran of 13 years in pro hockey before he even signed up with the Leafs, and Don Simmons, who was considered incompetent and dropped to the minors by the lowly Boston Bruins two years ago. The answer to this is Bower and Simmons somehow managed all season to stop shots.

The detractors point to the poor showing of the Leafs' tottering defenseman Allan Stanley, to the routine performances of forwards like George Armstrong, Dick Duff, Billy Harris and Bobby Nevin. They scoff at the moody Mahovlich and claim that Eddie Shack, a Ranger reject, has a flair for arousing the crowd but never does much else. They snort at Imlach's purchase of an old Chicago retread named Eddie Litzemberger. Yet the Leafs scored goals and won games.

"There's nothing unusual in the Leafs' success," says Punch Imlach, the man most responsible for it. "We have balance. We have the best center in hockey in Dave Keon. We have the best old pro who ever played in Bower. And we work harder and practice longer than any of the other clubs."

"Their skating is exceptional," said Chicago's Rudy Pilous, the coach of the team the Leafs pushed out of first place. "They're big and they're strong and they wear you down. After three periods against that kind of play, any other team gets tired and begins to make mistakes. That's when the Leafs start to take over. I don't admire their style. It wouldn't sell any tickets in some rinks. But it is effective."

Refreshing quaff

Toronto's effectiveness was most apparent throughout the season and the playoffs in the performance of 23-year-old Dave Keon. Unlike the Red Wings' flashy and colorful Young, who collects crowds and penalties with an equal flair, Keon is so well behaved that he spent only two minutes in the penalty box all season. He skates so smoothly that he is easily overlooked on the ice. Yet, when an important goal is needed, Keon slips in to score it, as he did twice in the final Stanley Cup game. When Imlach needs a man on the power play, he sends in Keon. When he wants a penalty killer, Keon is it.

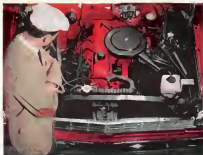
For Keon and for the Maple Leafs, the rewards for this kind of hockey come, not in spectacular headlines and color stories, but in games won. In the anticlimax of Stanley Cup play against an erratic and unbalanced opponent, such hockey makes for a dull series. But if the fans don't mind—and the full houses in Detroit and Chicago over the last weeks seemed to indicate that they don't—neither do the players.

For Dave Keon, Punch Imlach and their fellow businessmen on the Toronto Maple Leafs, efficient hockey last week meant a refreshing quaff of champagne from Lord Stanley's coveted cup and the even more refreshing loot (\$36,000, to be divided among the winning players) that goes with it.

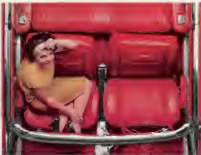
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THE LEAFS' KELLY, ARMSTRONG (10) AND KEON (14) THREATEN THE RED WING GOAL





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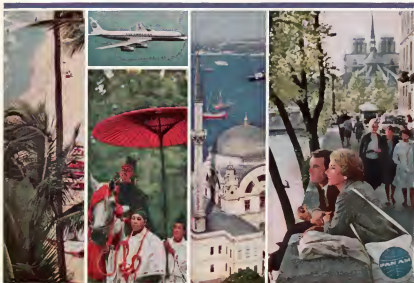
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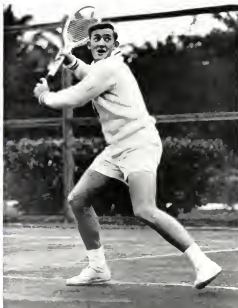
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TENNIS / Frank Deford



An Aussie for the future

Tony Roche is only 17 and fresh off the farm, but already he has the faraway look of Lew Hoad and a nearly complete bag of tennis tricks

It was 5° below zero in Philadelphia the last time Australia's Tony Roche flew in with a bag and four rackets to play in a U.S. tennis tournament. Bundled up in a borrowed polo coat three sizes too big for him, the young Australian looked at that point like what, in simple fact, he is—a 17-year-old kid a long way from home. But stripped down to sunburn, muscles and tennis shorts, Anthony Dalton Roche has another, more distinctive look—that of the hottest tennis prospect to come out of Australia since 1952, when two other 17-

year-olds—Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall—slashed their way through adult competition.

With Rod Laver lost to the pros and their Davis Cup invincibility threatened for the first time in years, the Aussies have named Roche and two 18-year-olds, John Newcombe and Owen Davidson, along with 20-year-old Ken Fletcher, to their new four-man Official Overseas Team. Last month the team left on a wandering trip that will carry Tony through three continents, 18 countries and enough tennis to make any

continued



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TENNIS continued

17-year-old grow up a little faster on the court. When he reaches the U.S. late in August, he may even be ready to make a debut in the style of the young Rosewall, who beat top-seeded Vic Seenas in their first meeting.

Of course, the Aussies are not quite counting on Tony for that kind of fireworks yet. They don't think he'll be their best player for another two years, when he'll be a ripe old 19. But no one who has seen Roche fails to compare him favorably with the other great Aussies at his age. Roche already has a complete tennis game and, moreover, he has what one observer terms "that faraway Hoos look." It effectively mirrors his detached dedication to a game that already is much more than a game to him.

Like any kid in any block, Tony Roche has an interest in things like girls and rock 'n' roll, but the interest is casual. Basically his mind is as single-hued as a white-on-white necktie, and the hue is all tennis. Already it has made him both a world traveler and a high school dropout, but it is only the former fact that impresses him. "Quitting school doesn't matter," he says. "If I don't make it in tennis, I just go back to the farm."

The farm is near Tarcutta, New South Wales—population 682—where Tony spent the first 16 years of his life, before, chaperoned by an older sister, he moved to Sydney to work for Dunlop. His father works nearly 24 hours a day at two jobs, farming and running a butcher shop. Tony works part time—four days a week—and plays tennis six.

Roche had just won the Miami Orange Bowl tournament from the world's top junior players when he came up to Philadelphia last winter. The Indoor Invitational there was his first U.S. showing against the best men's competition. It was a tough way to start—Roche had never even baited a ball around indoors before—but he practiced a day and then thrashed Mike Green 6-2, 6-3 before losing to Whitney Reed in the semifinals. Almost before he was through routing Green, the amateur promoters were after him to appear in their tournaments. Tony and his partner, Geoff Pollard, finally agreed to go on to a tournament in Maryland the following week, but suddenly and without explanation, Roche instead flew to Florida for respite in the sun.

Actually, a pulled stomach muscle kept him from performing anywhere, but before that happened Roche's whims

caused a lot of plans to be changed and a lot of people to be upset. Said Pollard unapologetically to a Philadelphiaian: "Please, don't think all Australians are always like this."

At base, Tony Roche is a nice, appealing young man with both a good wit and an agile mind when he lowers the faraway Hoad look. But he is far from convinced that his friend Pollard's arguments against a tennis life are valid. "Sure," says Pollard, "it may sound good to a boy at 14 to quit school and work with a sporting goods company and just play tennis, but how does that sound when you're 34? There must be 10 boys who quit school every year for tennis. But what odds? Why, there can't be even one of those a year who will really last."

For some time now, Tony Roche has been determined to make the best of these odds. Tony began playing tennis first when he was only 11—on the farm with his father and by himself, trying to hit numbers that he had written in green chalk on a barn wall. When he was 13 some city coaches, scouting the hinterlands, found him and brought him to Sydney for Country Week. In the first round of that annual event, Roche played on the center court in White City Stadium—which is something like opening at the Palace. He promptly closed, 0-6, but in another year he had improved enough to win the tournament.

Now a broad-shouldered 5 feet 10 and 167 pounds, Tony is physically somewhere between Hoad and Laver and, like the latter, he is left-handed. His serve conjures up visions of Neale Fraser's for anyone who has seen them both. "Although," says Whitney Reed, "it does have a tendency to fall a little short."

Although Tony did not win his first grown-up U.S. tournament, he did win the crowd. There was, for instance, the extraordinary backhand that few who watched in Philadelphia will ever forget. With Reed at match point, Roche made one seemingly impossible return with this stroke that left Reed stranded in mid-court like a man in a bus station without any clothes on. The American dropped his racket and just stood for at least 30 seconds, dumfounded and fascinated. It was not just the exuberance of the moment that caused some of the spectators watching Roche to say it was the best tennis shot of all time. It may well have been. In any case, it made the fact that Roche lost the match on the next point almost incidental.

END



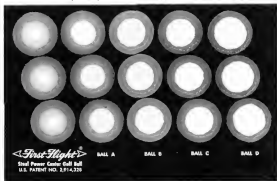
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THE RIFLE CALLED DAISY

The BB gun Americans remember fondly from their youth is still going strong, watched over by a remarkable man, Cass Hough (below) and produced by a unique organization



BY JOE DAVID BROWN

Billy the Kid, so they say, shot his first man when he was 12 years old. I must have been more precocious than Billy, because I potted my first victim in a back alley on a frosty Christmas morning when I was only 6. His name was Mr. Gene Ellard, and he was a genial, well-upholstered man who parted his hair in the middle and drove a Marmon roadster that had a horn that tooted *How Dry I Am*. I admired Mr. Ellard, and I've never been quite certain why I shot him. Maybe it was because I was delirious with joy and pride and would have done anything to call attention to my brand-new nickel-plated rifle that smelled of neat's-foot oil and rattled with 350 shots. It may simply have been that I had an unripe sense of humor and found Mr. Ellard's rotund rear an irresistible target when I came stalking up the alley and saw him bending over, burning trash. Anyway, on a sudden impulse, I let him have it.

Men must have had tougher hides back in those tranquil days; maybe they just weren't so jumpy. Mr. Ellard

didn't flinch, cry out or even seem particularly startled. He straightened up slowly, looked me over massagingly and, ignoring my grin, which was getting weaker all the time, walked over and held out his hand for my rifle. When I handed it over he cocked it, bucked up a few feet, took casual aim and shot me in the right leg a little above the knee. Then, while I jumped up and down on one leg and made hiccupping noises as I tried to catch my breath, he handed me back my rifle and said pleasantly, "O.K., buddy, now watch where you go pointing that thing."

It was the only lesson in gun handling I ever had as a boy, and for a long time afterward I felt hot around the ears when I recalled that I needed it. In those days, when the world was in order and everybody knew his place in it, it was taken for granted that by the time a boy was given his first Daisy air rifle he had enough sense not to shoot people, songbirds, fruit on the vine or the two lazy mules belonging to Louie the iceman. Neither was there any non-

sense about teaching a boy to shoot. He was handed the long, narrow box with the familiar Daisy target on it and usually told nothing except, "Don't shoot toward the house." A Daisy was a simple puzzle a normal boy was supposed to figure out for himself. It also was believed to have a salubrious effect on his character. As Jack Holt said, as he looked out level-eyed from the Daisy ads in *The Youth's Companion*, "The boy who aims straight usually hits the target, not only in the field, but in everything he undertakes in life."

Owning a Daisy became terribly important to a boy at about the time he was learning to keep his shirttail in. Writers often recall with tender amusement the thrill of a boy's first kiss or his first pair of long pants. In the quiet part of the country where I grew up, most boys usually found one of these things disappointing and the other embarrassing. A real, memorable, intoxicating thrill of boyhood was aiming a Daisy for the first time and actually hitting something. Tin cans and sycamore balls were good targets for beginners, and so were sparrows if you could find one that was too preoccupied or dumb to duck. A boy usually was acknowledged an expert shot after he bagged his first redheaded woodpecker, which we called peckerwoods. Peckerwoods were the ibex and chamois of the bird kingdom. Not only did they prefer to forage in the tops of tall trees, out of BB-shot range, they also seemed to be all feathers and white-leather. Sometimes when a peckerwood was peppered with BBs he merely ruffled his feathers and kept on circling a tree, pecking away.

The champion peckerwood-stalker in my section of town was a pale, skinny, towheaded little boy with faded blue eyes and white eyelashes named Alvin Pinson. Alvin didn't have much social standing, because he lived down by the creek, wore overalls and had a single-shot Daisy, which he got as a premium for selling Cloverine salve. But when he lifted his Daisy, planted his feet firmly and stuck his tongue out of the side of his mouth for balance, Alvin could hit almost anything he could see. We all knew the secret of Alvin's long shots—he lobbed BBs like mortar shells, sometimes aiming a foot or so high. But none of us had his gift.

The most unforgettable shot I've ever seen was made by Alvin one spring day when a bunch of us were playing baseball in the field behind the Methodist Church. Alvin always kept his Daisy handy, and he must have slept with BBs in his mouth. When he saw a peckerwood approach in loping flight and land in a tall oak on the edge of the field, he halted the game. Since the bird was a good 50 yards away, we kicked dirt impatiently and told Alvin not to be a sap. But he spit a BB in the end of his Daisy and carefully lobbed off a shot. He hit the peckerwood, all right—and obviously he hit it in the head. At that distance the effect was about the same as if somebody walked up behind a big strong man and gave him a sharp addling crack on the skull with a ball peen hammer.

The peckerwood lost its foothold, fluttered groggily and, suddenly, like a rocket with a haywire gyroscope, took off in mad, twisting flight for the sun. While we gaped with openmouthed wonder, it somersaulted into a nose dive and, finally, only a few feet above the ground, leveled off in a series of corkscrew turns. Then, though skeptical friends and my own lengthening years almost have convinced me it couldn't happen, it flipped over and flew upside down the width of the field and cracked up against the church. Under the circumstances, we numbly agreed with the grinning Alvin that it was some shot.

Millions of Americans, some in their 70s and 80s, can tell of some wondrous feats performed by Daisys: how at the proper distance they could be coaxed to shoot around tree trunks, or how with a little practice only an ordinary good shooter could blast aspirin tablets tossed in the air. Few other boyhood possessions have left such an accumulation of bizarre, happy and poignant memories as the Daisy.

Times have changed, of course. Shopping centers and houses with picture windows have overrun the woods and fields where once a wandering boy with a Daisy could plink away at all 360 points in the compass. A pram society that prides itself on having the world's cleanest hydrogen bombs often looks with disfavor on small boys who take potshots at peckerwoods. Any little boy who collected bird claws like Comanche braves collected scalps would run the risk of being dragged off to talk to an owlish man about his latent hostilities.

Because the world does seem to grow more cramped all the time, it is pleasant and wonderfully reassuring to know that after 75 years the Daisy Manufacturing Company is flourishing, stronger than ever. At its spacious plant outside Rogers, Ark., in the Ozark country, it produces 1.5 million of its famous BB guns every year. On each working day the plant also pours out a golden flood of 35 million BBs—enough to stretch 100 miles if they were laid in a straight line.

The Daisy Company produces other things besides air guns and BBs. Altogether it makes 141 items, including a line of carbon dioxide guns and a whole variety of expistol holster sets, guns that pop, go bang and smoke, make a ricocheting noise, shoot cork balls and plastic bullets and Lord knows what. Actually, though they are selling better than ever before, air rifles account for less than half of the company's annual sales. But air rifles are—and always have been—the Daisy Company's pride and joy. Daisy is almost too neatly conscious that its air rifles have made it one of a handful of companies to attain the status of an American institution. Largely because it even insists on doing such things as putting washers where they are not absolutely essential and making its air rifles with a tolerance of .0015 inch in moving parts (they would work essentially as well with twice as much), Daisy long ago reached the position of having no competition worth mentioning.

continued



The Old Scout appeared in Daisy ads in the 1920s, advising boys on how to grow into straight-shooter men.

DAISY (continued)

Other companies make air rifles, to be sure; some of them make exceptionally fine rifles. But Daisy is the only company of any significance making air rifles that are classified strictly as toys and not weapons.

Not everybody likes to think of the Daisy as a toy. The company is always receiving letters that begin: "What's happened anyway? When I was a boy I had a Daisy that would shoot through a two-inch board. But the Daisy I gave my son..." Alas, few things were what they seemed to be in childhood. No Daisy ever did much more than pockmark any average board. One of the secrets of Daisy's success is that it has always carefully regulated its rifles to shoot at a speed of 280 to 340 feet per second. Daisys have a maximum range of about 100 feet. A Daisy shoots with amazing accuracy up to around 20 feet; up to distances of 35 to 40 feet it can knock over a bumblebee. Chickens, ducks and pheasants have enough feathers to turn BBs at fairly close range. A Daisy can sting the daylights out of human pelt; if held close enough, it might break the skin or even penetrate it. There are a number of citizens walking around who boast they are carrying BBs under their hides. A Daisy can do serious damage to such vulnerable parts of the anatomy as the eyes, roof of the mouth and the in-

ner ear. But a Daisy isn't designed to be lethal to anything and, though few people stop to think about it, a thrown baseball is far more dangerous.

Another secret of Daisy's success is that the company always has been run—if not wholly owned—by the same family. The present head of Daisy, 58-year-old Cass Sheffield Hough, succeeded his father as president and treasurer in 1959, and his grandfather was one of the company's chief founders and gave Daisy its name. A trim, well-knit and youthful-appearing man, Cass Hough (pronounced Huff) looks and talks more like one of the new breed of worldly professors one finds on university campuses than he does a workaday businessman. He is pleasant but reserved, a highly civilized man who thinks deep thoughts about almost everything, especially his obligations to Daisy. He is, in fact, a remarkable man. He taught astronomy at the University of Michigan after graduating with honors in 1925, is a onetime mayor of Plymouth, Mich., and built a reputation as a demon merchandiser at such an early age that he was the youngest man ever elected president of U.S.A. Toy Manufacturers, Inc. He plays the piano, collects 18th century French furniture and *objets d'art* and drives his sleek Mercedes sports car with expert verve. Cass Hough also is credited with touching off the comic book craze and being the first man to fly faster than sound.

Although fanfare over speeds reached by experimental rocket planes has caused some people to forget it, Hough dived through the sound barrier—not once, but twice—in the fall and winter of 1942-43. At the time, newspapers and magazines were filled with dramatic accounts of his exploits. Both dives were made in England when Hough was an Air Force colonel, fighter pilot and deputy chief of the 8th Air Force's technical operations section. As part of tests to prove that the U.S. P-38 was the combat equal of England's Spitfire and Germany's Focke-Wulf and Messerschmitt, Hough took one up to 43,000 feet and nosed it into a dive at full throttle. He and the plane survived, and five months later he performed the same feat with a P-47.

After the Air Force had made a full evaluation, U.S. Army Headquarters in Europe issued a communique: "Although speeds attained in both cases are military secrets, it can be said that [Colonel Hough] traveled faster than the speed of sound—or more than 780 miles an hour." Hough was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross for this; for other wartime achievements he received the Legion of Merit and a chestful of other medals.

Hough learned to fly back in 1921, when he was 17—which makes him something of a pioneer in ordinary flying circles. He holds Michigan's pilot registration No. 1, and he was one of the flying enthusiasts on the field the morning Lindbergh took off from Long Island on his historic flight to Paris. Hough attracted considerable attention in the early '30s, when Daisy became one of the first U.S. companies to use a plane for business purposes. He still pilots the Twin Beechcraft D-18s now owned by Daisy.

Hough started working at odd jobs around the Daisy

plant during vacations when he was in his teens. Like so many young men who have a job waiting for them in a family business, he was not, however, sure he wanted it. It was only after he taught at Michigan for a year that he decided to join the company. His first job was in the plant's pressroom, and ever since his devotion to Daisy has been slightly awesome. He even has his beautifully appointed apartment in a wing of the brick office building fronting the cavernous concrete-and-aluminum Daisy plant. Frequently at night or in the early morning he leaves his apartment in robe and pajamas and walks down the corridor to his office and tackles some unfinished chore or problem.

Hough is an unalloyed perfectionist. To keep its air rifles within the range of a youngster's pocketbook (\$6.98 to \$15.98), Daisy has had to make some concessions to the changing times. Instead of nickel-plating or bluing rifles, it now paints them by an electrostatic process; instead of wood, it uses plastic stocks and forearms on all but its most expensive target-special model. But Daisy's engineers maintain that its paint job lasts longer than nickel-plating or bluing ever did, and the plastic it uses withstands tests woods cannot. Sometimes the insistence that Daisy use the very best of whatever materials it does employ can be a mistake. Not long ago the company used a new and more expensive plastic to make forearms for a batch of rifles. The new plastic may have been stronger, but it didn't cast as well as the old. Inspectors decided the forearms didn't hug the barrels of the rifles as closely as they should; the

entire production of forearms was junked, though it meant taking a loss on several thousand rifles. The small defect was not noticeable to a layman's eye and a visitor asked Cass Hough why he didn't market the guns anyway. He smiled self-consciously. "Well, Daisy just doesn't do things like that," he said.

Hough is much too bright and too unstuffy to think the world would fall to pieces if an air rifle company lowered its standards. But he does feel quite strongly that much of the world *is* beginning to fall to pieces because so many standards have been lowered. He is grimly resolved not to let it happen in his small domain. As he walked through the Daisy plant recently he stopped where a couple of Ozark youths did nothing all day long except break and shoot a new pop gun to see how long it would last before misfiring. "How many?" asked Hough. "I'm up to 20,000," said one of the youths. Hough shook his head. "Well, keep on. That's not enough."

Twenty thousand pops out of a dollar gun may sound like God's plenty to most twittering parents, but Daisy has its own ideas about such things. Hough is paid \$60,000 a year and owns 17% of Daisy's stock, he also has other interests, and he is well into the millionaire class. It is perfectly clear that one reason he works as devotedly as he does is that he enjoys it. "I have never found anything else that gives me the same satisfaction," he said. It is even more clear that he considers his job a family responsibility or trust. Unless it is obvious that a gun has been grossly mistreated it is repaired free of charge or replaced. "It sounds old-fashioned, I suppose," Hough said, "but Daisy was founded on American ideas of integrity and principle. We want to make a profit—and we work like hell to do it. But we never forget that durability and reliability have been the main reasons for Daisy's success."

Daisy was, of course, already a well-established institution when Cass Hough appeared on the scene. The Daisy story really began back in 1882 when a group of Plymouth, Mich., businessmen organized a company to manufacture the first all-metal windmills. The windmills had been perfected by a watch-and-clock repairman and all-round tinker in metals named Clarence J. Hamilton. Hamilton became the superintendent of the Plymouth Iron Windmill Company, and one of its backers, Lewis Cass Hough, was vice-president and general manager. The company did a respectable but unimpressive business, and its backers soon began to look for something else it could produce. In 1888 Clarence Hamilton appeared before the board of directors with a working model of a product he thought would do the trick. It was—of all things—an air rifle.

Air rifles were not new. Men had been compressing air into barrels and using it to shoot bullets for so long, in fact, that nobody is certain when this first started. The Greeks used certain types of air weapons as far back as 200 years before Christ, and by either 1430 or 1560—historians quarrel over the year—a fairly efficient air gun was being used in Germany. Almost two years before Hamilton addressed the

continued



Movie hero as like Richard Dix and baseball stars like Ted Williams praise the Daisy as a character builder.

windmill company directors, an American firm had started making a popular mahogany-and-metal toy air rifle called the Chicago. But Hamilton's model was all metal, with a metal tubular stock, and it looked like a real rifle. After testing it, Vice-President Hough said enthusiastically, "Clarence, it's a daisy!"

The name was adopted on the spot, and production was started immediately. The first 31-inch Daisy was, of course, a single-shot rifle; like all Daisys since, it also was a spring-type air gun. Many air rifles did, and still do, work on the principle of compressing air in a chamber and then releasing it to propel various types of slugs. When a Daisy is cocked, a plunger with a close-fitting head affixed to a strong spring is drawn back in the barrel. When the trigger is pulled, the spring is released and the plunger shoots forward, compressing air as it goes and sending the BB on its way.

The Daisys were a success from the start. Although they sold for around 50¢ each, wholesale, the company produced about two gross daily the first year and took in some \$43,000. Soon the company began producing a rifle with a wooden stock that was slightly more expensive; revenues from the sideline began to run higher than those from windmills. Much of the credit for this belonged to an alert and genial young salesman for the company named Charles H. Bennett, who was a nephew of Vice-President Hough. As he went on his rounds in a horse and buggy trying to sell windmills to farmers, Bennett always carried a stock of the new air rifles. Sometimes he traded a gun for a night's lodging or a meal. After a while, like everybody else in the company, Bennett was more interested in selling air rifles than windmills. Soon he abandoned his farm customers and began calling on stores in towns and cities. One of Bennett's early orders, from a Chicago hardware distributor, was so large that he was afraid to accept it until he sent a telegram to the plant. The order amounted to a year's production of Daisys. The factory stepped up output and met it somehow. Finally windmills were squeezed out altogether, though the company didn't get around to changing its name to the Daisy Manufacturing Company until 1895.

In 1897 directors timidly appropriated \$3,000 for lithographed banners to be displayed in stores. This advertising campaign proved to be such a hit that the company soon was advertising in national magazines. Many Americans in their middle years or beyond still can recall Daisy ads that appeared regularly in such magazines as *Munsey's*, *McClure's*, *American Boy*, *Boy's Life*, and *The Youth's Companion*. One of the fixtures in Daisy ads in the early '20s was a loquacious, bearded character called Old Scout. "The big object in life ain't to kill Injuns," Old Scout used to say, "but to make keen, straight-shootin', straight-thinkin' and straight-actin' men out o' yourselves." Old Scout, bless his grizzled Indian-like carcass, never forgot which side his corn was buttered on. "You seldom see a fellow become a crack shot with a borrowed gun," he warned. "The only way you can get anywhere in this shooting game is to keep at it regular with your own gun." Besides Jack Holt and Movie Hero Richard Dix, Daisy ads featured such notables as Scout Commissioner Dan Beard, John Philip Sousa, Tris Speaker and Explorer William Beebe, who praised target practice (with a Daisy, of course) as a way to build character, improve coordination, develop mental alertness—and have a lot of fun. And who has grown so sour or grumpy as to say it wasn't so?

It is almost an odd fact that, from the very beginning, Daisys were merchandised on the theory that they preserved the American tradition for marksmanship, taught good habits, strengthened the eyesight and nerves and were designed solely to instill a manly spirit of accomplishment. But in the days when nobody much would have cared, boys were never told that a Daisy was a good weapon to knock off the pesky sparrows roosting in the hayloft or to annihilate the thieving rodents in the corn crib. Daisy quickly established a close and cordial bond with such organizations as the Boy Scouts, the National Rifle Association, the YMCA, sporting and law-enforcement agencies. Although some states have passed laws restricting air guns, Daisy has never gone on the defensive. It sells its air rifles for target

practice; it never has officially acknowledged that some boys bought them to pot birds, field mice, grasshoppers on the fly and tadpoles in the old creek. This policy may have reflected a conspicuous case of myopia, but there was no hypocrisy involved. When Cass Hough shot a sparrow with a Daisy when he was a boy, his father gave him a dressing down he has never forgotten.

Cass's father, Edward C. Hough, began to take over family interests in the company after his own father died in 1902. Soon he and his cousin, master salesman Charles Bennett, were firmly in control. They remained in charge for almost six decades. In 1912 Ed Hough scored a major coup when he went to St. Louis and hired a master gunmaker named Charles F. LeFever, who was working on a new type of BB gun. LeFever's invention was perfected the next year, and it was the now famous Daisy Pump Gun. Bennett—who became widely known as Uncle Charley before his death at 93 in 1956—roamed the world looking for customers. At one time export sales accounted for 21% of Daisy's business. Its largest foreign market before 1930, oddly enough, was China.

One of the legends around Daisy is an account of the sacrifice Uncle Charley made to open up the Chinese market. No matter how persuasively he argued, he couldn't at first convince Chinese officials that the Daisy wasn't a real gun and shouldn't be banned under a law forbidding the import of weapons. Finally Uncle Charley handed a Chinese official a Daisy and walked across the room and bent over. "Shoot me," he said. Smiling, the official raised the Daisy and whanged Uncle Charley in the seat of his pants. It stung pretty smartly, Uncle Charley always recalled, but he figured a small welt was a fair exchange for a big concession.

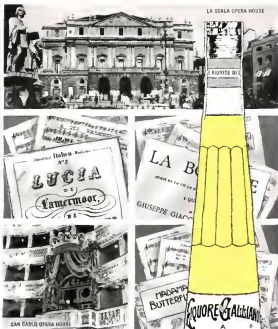
With Ed Hough and Uncle Charley in charge, Daisy bought up some of its competitors and outmerchandised others until they folded. The last serious competition in spring-type air guns came from an air rifle named the King, which was popular until the late '20s. Hough

and Bennett finally bought the company making the King and later put young Cass Hough in charge to break him in. Cass went to work with such zeal that King was soon taking a big bite of Daisy's sales; with mixed feelings of pride and alarm, the elder Hough and Uncle Charley killed off King in 1930.

Cass Hough stirred up things at Daisy from the time he got his feet on the ground. Daisy had long had tie-ins with various companies, selling its guns in wholesale lots to seed and patent medicine companies which gave them as premiums to young salesmen. But Cass became a master at thinking up tie-ins with characters and scientific innovations that intrigued youngsters. It was mostly, or wholly, because of his efforts that Daisy introduced such bestselling air rifle lines as the Buzz Barton, Buck Jones and Red Ryder. He made a deal with the creators of the Beck Rogers comic strip to arm Buck with a rocket pistol as soon as Daisy could come up with a toy weapon that had a futuristic look and could be sold cheap. In 1935, after Buck began blasting Martian men with the pistol, it was put on the market. It became one of the bestselling toys of all time.

Daisy prudently saved the tools and dies for the rocket pistol, and after the war it was reintroduced as an Atomic Pistol. This time sales were so staggering that Daisy was hard pressed to fill orders. Macy's and Gimbels, New York's two most doggedly competing department stores, took note of the clamorous demand and began cutting prices on the guns to lure customers. This touched off a milling price war. Finally, both stores were selling Atomic Pistols more cheaply than Daisy could produce them and in such volume that it could not possibly meet the demand. At this point, Cass Hough established headquarters in a nearby hotel and hired 30 girl shoppers. He kept the shoppers shuttling from Macy's to Gimbels and soon had up to 7,000 guns pouring steadily into the delivery entrances of the two stores. The bubble burst and the price war came to a miffed end when a weary packer forgot to remove Gimbels' tags from a consignment of guns delivered to Macy's.

(continued)



FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

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Hough discovered early in his career that comic strips had a much greater impact on youngsters than most people realized. In the '30s he began buying up used comic strips from newspaper syndicates and publishing them in booklet form as Daisy advertising throwaways. These were the first of the cheaply printed, mass-produced comic books. The hit they made with children did not go unnoticed. One day a gentleman, later to become a top comic-book publisher, called on Hough and explained his desire to take a chance on printing a comic book that would be sold. Would Hough be an advertiser if he did? He was overjoyed when Hough said that not only would he advertise, he was willing to sign on the spot a contract giving Daisy the back cover of the book for five years. When the comic book appeared and its circulation and advertising rates both zoomed, the publisher's joy over his contract with Hough turned to dismay, then sulkiness and, finally, outright hostility. But Daisy had the space at the original rates, and its ads continued to bloom on the back covers.

Although he was in charge of Daisy's operations for some years, Hough did not formally become boss until his father's death in 1959. This was only a few months after the company shifted from its antiquated and outgrown factory in Plymouth to its roomy and modern plant near Rogers. The move caused many changes at Daisy. Most of its old workers did not want to make the move to Arkansas and, except for executives and a handful of supervisory oldtimers, most of Daisy's approximately 750 employees are new. But Daisy's disdain for slapping together something that is meant to wear out quickly is shared by these new employees. Because Hough runs Daisy with an old Air Force commanding officer's paternalistic, solicitous, but informal, air, it is a happy and relaxed company.

Although it has a near monopoly in the air rifle field, Daisy is aware that the changing tastes and vagaries of kids themselves really give it tough and sometimes unpredictable competition. From the days of World War I, when it put out an air gun modeled after an

army rifle complete with bayonet, the company constantly has had to change its dies and stretch its imagination to furnish youngsters with guns which they consider look like real shooting irons. Because of TV westerns, the trend today is toward guns of the Old West. Daisy has met this with a "Spittin' Image" line, and one of its bestselling rifles is patterned after the famed 1894-model carbine. It also makes a BB pistol modeled after Colt's Frontier Peacemaker.

One of the company's continuing worries, of course, is that creeping urbanization and restrictive ordinances simply will make it impossible for kids to use air guns. It has met this problem head on with a program which upholds Daisy's highest traditions: it sells a mess of air guns and it teaches youngsters sportsmanship, marksmanship and correct gun handling. This is Daisy's widely praised Training Services program. Working with such outlets as the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce and the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, Daisy sets up shooting programs for schools, colleges, police departments, civic clubs and youth organizations of all description. Daisy Training Services Director Jack Reed, an ex-schoolteacher, who has all the calm-eyed stalwart qualities of a Texas Ranger and a scoutmaster, is ready at the drop of a BB to set up a shooting program anywhere. He furnishes all the instructions, paraphernalia and training films. So far well over 4 million young people, from the fifth grade to college age, have learned to shoot and handle a gun through the program. Daisy thinks so much of the gun-handling rules taught in the course that it stamps them on the butt plate of many of its rifles.

Much as it is devoted to its air guns, Daisy has never been a static company. When carbon dioxide guns became popular, it added a line. For the last three years it has been experimenting with a new kind of low-cost propellant, so revolutionary and so secret that it refused even to tell the Government about it. The propellant was demonstrated at a directors' meeting, and some of them gave a few details of what they saw. A national magazine heard some of these

continued

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DAISY continued

details and ran a vague story about the propellant.

On a recent visit to the Daisy plant I asked Hough if I could see the propellant demonstrated. He agreed, providing I reported only what I actually saw.

The demonstration was held in the Daisy plant on a testing range equipped with an electronic chronograph. Using an old, somewhat worn English compression-type air rifle, Hough shot a hollow air-pellet. The chronograph showed it traveled a fairly slow 386 feet per second. Then he opened a small, round tin containing the secret propellant. It looked for all the world like dingy absorbent cotton. Hough took a wisp of the material and placed it in the open end of a pellet and fired again. There was a small, sharp crack, and the pellet showed the pellet traveled 750 feet per second. Hough took a larger pinch of the propellant and tapped it into a pellet. This time it went 1,190 fps—about the speed of an ordinary .22 bullet. How fast bullets or pellets can be shot by increasing the amount of cottonlike propellant still is a secret. But Hough says they will go faster than any low-caliber ammunition now marketed.

When they see the power packed in the innocuous-looking cottony propellant, most people go slightly gaga. They begin to talk about how soldiers could carry enough of the stuff to last for months. Since everything leaves the barrel of a gun and there are no empty shells to be ejected, they begin to talk about how it may revolutionize the design of automatic weapons. They also talk about how it may well change the basic design of shotgun shells and rifle ammunition. This reaction is an old story to Cass Hough, and he is an extremely unflappable man. He listens politely and finally says: "We believe it will change sports shooting completely." Sportsmen will find out for themselves when Daisy markets the new propellant sometime within the next year.

It will make changes, all right. And it makes a man think. If small boys with warts and stone bruises had only had their hip pockets filled with the cotton stuff in those distant days, peckwooden would now be extinct.

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF



YOUNGSTERS in starring roles were Indians' Sam McDowell (20, who struck out 13 in shut-out, Mets' Ed Kranepool (18), who batted .375.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

If nothing else, Minnesota learned a good deal about anatomy. There were graphic lessons on the human knee, jaw, hip, eyes and back. A period of convalescence—perhaps as long as a month—was prescribed for Harmon Killebrew, who aggravated an old knee injury. Rich Rollins, sipping everything but cider through a straw since his broken jaw was wired shut, tried to help by hurrying back to the lineup, but couldn't keep the team from losing four of six and falling to 10th place. Dick Stigman learned how to keep his eyes on the catcher's mitt and also, with an assist from Frank Sullivan, how to get more hip action into his pitching motion. Then he shut out the Angels on three hits. The Twins were willing to bend over backward to help each other, but Camilo Pascual's problem seemed to be that he was bending too far. Pascual, a 20-game winner last year, lost his third straight. Coach Gordon Maltzberger felt that Pascual was occasionally leaning back too far midway in his delivery. "This cuts down on his view of home plate," Maltzberger explained. Nineteen-game winner Jim Bunning (0-2) of Detroit was also winless. He allowed the Red Sox just one run in 12 innings before being removed. Detroit lost 4-3 in 15 innings, but only after good pitching and more timely hitting enabled Hank Aguirre and Don Mossi to beat the Yankees twice. In all, New York lost three times and slipped to fifth place. Pitching, the team's main concern, was iffy. Whitey Ford and Bill Stuford were hit hard. On the positive side were Luis Arroyo's first win since last July and a five-hitter by Stan Williams. Roger Maris hit two homers in his first two games after returning to the lineup, but Mickey Mantle

continued

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was still recuperating. Boston got fine pitching and Manager Johnny Pesky could smile even when Eddie Bessoud doubled into a double play. Frank Malzone was thrown out at the plate and Bessoud doubled up trying to stretch his hit, but the Red Sox won 6-1. Billy Hitchcock, the *Baltimore* manager, wore a grin, too. Twenty-year-old Dave McNally beat the Indians 8-1. And Lun Apuricio and Al Smith, obtained from the White Sox last winter, batted .524 and .450 last week. Chicago reaped less benefit from its end of the deal. Ron Hansen hit .385, but Hoyt Wilhelm was used just once; Pete Ward hit .143 and Dave Nicholson .250, though the latter had two homers, one a grand slam. Juan Pizarro has not allowed an earned run in 18 innings and Ray Herbert blanked the Athletics. If happiness is a thing called good pitching, Los Angeles Manager Bill Rigney had reason to be glum. He used a record-tying nine pitchers in an 11-10 loss to the Twins. The next day he used just one pitcher, Don Lee, who shut out the Twins. Cleveland pitchers held the opposition scoreless for 18 innings, but all was not rosy. The reason was a fresh coat of canary-yellow paint that was applied to 25 rows of seats in the lower deck of Cleveland Stadium, producing a poor fielding background for infielders. A few hours after an opposing coach expressed concern that a pitcher might be decapitated by a line drive, Mudcat Grant was struck on his pitching arm by a batted ball. Orlando Pena won both as a reliever and as a starter, and for three days Kansas City basked in the glory of first place. Washington, thanks to some uncommonly lusty hitting and Dave Stenhouse's five-hitter, was satisfied to move as high as eighth.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

*One full second I must wait,
Before I throw it to the plate.*

With this in mind, *Honolulu* pitchers have been trying to add poetry to their pitching motion so they will not violate the balk rule. In fact, they even have another duty to remind them.

*One thousand one, one thousand two,
Here it comes, just for you*

There was some unpoetic writing that also gave the Colt .45s pause for thought. One San Francisco sportswriter called them "a miserable ball club." Another asked if the Giants were going to charge admission for the rest of their games against the Colt .45s. In retaliation Houston, with a 13th-inning homer by Jim Campbell, stifled the Giants, if not the San Francisco writers. Chicago, without even being insulted in print after a 5-1 loss to the Giants, rebounded with a 4-0 victory. No one found fault with their 1.35 ERA. There was only one thing lower than Bob Buhl's 0.36 ERA and that was Bob Buhl's .000 BA. He has been hitless in 80 at bats dating back to 1961. Frustrated



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Los Angeles hitters did not hit their first home run until their 10th game, when Frank Howard, representing the team's 338th at bat, came through. The only two reliable hitters have been Howard (.447) and Tommy Davis (.300), now hospitalized with a leg injury. During the first two weeks the rest of the team hit .179. Sandy Koufax pitched a two-hit shutout. He is still giving tender care to his famous index finger, cutting down on his cigarette smoking after learning that this affected his finger. Koufax also wears a heated glove while on the bench. It was obvious, judging by their 17 errors in 11 games, that few other Dodgers had hot gloves. Johnny Edwards of Cincinnati, a .462 batter last week, traced his hot bat to a 45-ounce one he swung 100 times each day last winter. Bob Purkey, still out with shoulder miseries, underwent X-ray treatment. Things were tough all over, but Pittsburgh's Bill Mazeroski managed to keep a stiff upper lip. It was not that he wanted to, but simply because he sported seven stitches there after a careening grounder caught him. Al McBean gave up 10 hits, yet preserved his shutout against the Reds by stranding 12 runners. Curt Simmons of St. Louis beat his former Phillie teammates for the 11th time in 12 tries by leaving 13 of them on base. "No one should have to work that hard to win one ball game," he said. Carl Sawatski pulled a delayed steal of second base, delayed in the sense that it was his first theft since entering the majors in 1948. Felipe Alou of San Francisco did not get credit for a stolen base, but the run he scored all the way from first on a single to short center still counted. Orlando Cepeda made three outs in one at bat. He first hit into a double play on a balk pitch that did not count and then, given a life, struck out. Philadelphia (see page 18) also had its woes after a hot start, making seven errors in two days and losing four games in a row. One of those setbacks was against Milwaukee's Lou Burdette, who beat the Phillies for the seventh straight time. Claude Raymond won twice in relief, Eddie Mathews hit the 400th home run of his career, Hank Aaron his 300th. Life was good and the Braves led the league. Then they met the Mets. A ninth-inning rally gave New York its first win in nine games. Ron Hunt, applying the reverse theory that if you can't join 'em, beat 'em, hit a two-run double that defeated the Braves, who still technically own him. New York obtained Hunt on conditional basis from the Braves and has until May 9th to retain him or return him. A day later New York won again and there were faint murmurings of break up the Mets. They were working under a good-luck charm. No Robbery, a horse partly owned by Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, who also owns the Mets, won the Wood Memorial last week. To keep pace, the Mets, naturally, had to win, too. Now, if No Robbery can win 97 more races by Sept. 30. . . .

END



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**Sports
Illustrated**

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"I AM WHAT I KNOW"
NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK APRIL 21-27, 1963

by PARKE CUMMINGS

How to Make a Champion out of a 4-year-old

In one of those generalities dismal enough to be true we are often told that to become a champion in certain sports it is important to get off to an early start. The generalizers argue that as the twig is bent so is the bough inclined, and that the child is father to the man. But then, intoxicated by their wit, they push the idea past the point of good sense, and what they mean by an early start becomes fantastic, if not horrible.

Take figure skating. From the literature on the subject you'd think that the typical champion was able to skate before he or she could walk. Or swimming. Children are now taught to swim at about the same time they have mastered the scatter rug—or nonaquatic—crawl. Babies barely out of the diaper stage have balls tossed at them—in order to quicken their reactions. The day may come when a youngster is given a fiber-glass vaulting pole for his third birthday.

I bring up this subject of starting off the play-school—or pre-play-school—set in sports because I have had considerable experience, although I'll confess I have developed no champions. But I can still remember working out with my own youngsters, and since then I have tried to get various nieces and nephews off on the right foot. Friends—on what theory I have never been able to unravel—also come to me for advice on how to get Junior or Susie started.

For what it is worth, here are the results that painful experience has taught me to expect. I address this, of course, to fathers, because the head of the household is the logical candidate for instilling sports-mindedness in his offspring—even though he may have a mate who can make a monkey out of him at badminton or fancy diving.

BOXING. Every red-blooded father owes it to his boy to teach him the manly art of self-defense. The kid doesn't have to be developed into a heavyweight champion, but he should at least learn to heat up the girl across the street the next time

she tries to snatch his cap. Here is what to do. Get down on your knees, thereby reducing your height advantage over Buster—who is, let us say, 4 years old. Assume a boxing stance, and instruct him to do likewise. Now give him a very gentle pat—I said very—on the chest.

Buster's lips will quiver momentarily, and he will then run to his mother, screaming, "Daddy hit me, and I didn't do nothing!" Straighten out your wife on what happened—and you might subsequently try to straighten out Buster on his grammar.

FOOTBALL. This modern razzle-dazzle forward passing is all very well, but the meat and potatoes of football still remain tackling and getting used to being tackled. Concentrate on this at the start. Instruct Buster to wrap his arms around your knees and push. When he does so, topple over with a crash, and exclaim, "Gee, you're strong!" He will bellow with glee.

Now wrap your arms around Buster's knees, and then—very gently push him over. He will run to his mother, screaming, "Daddy knocked me down, and I didn't..." (see *BOXING*, above). This would seem to indicate that Buster isn't cut out for contact sports. (Note: On rare occasions in the first situation, when Buster tackles you, instead of laughing he may run to his mother, screaming, "I hurted Daddy and I'm afraid he's going to die!" In that event he is very definitely not cut out for football—or anything more competitive than purchases.)

BASE BALL. This consists of three basic elements—throwing, batting and catching—which we shall take up in that order. Go to a field at a safe distance from your house, hand Buster the ball and direct him to throw it at you. He will do so promptly. If able to get up and stand erect without writhing, explain to him that a player doesn't throw the ball with all his might at a teammate unless the latter is a reasonable distance away—more than two steps, in any event.

continued

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Champion *continued*

Now hand the little fellow a bat, instruct him how to swing, and toss the ball to him. He will start his swing after the ball has passed five feet behind him. Now instruct him how to speed up his swing, and you'll find that he gradually increases his tempo until he completes it five feet before the ball gets to him. This proves how quickly kids adjust.

Take the bat away from him, put a glove on his hand and tell him how to hold out his hands to catch the ball. Make another gentle toss. Buster's hands will remain absolutely immobile—just where he originally held them—and the ball, which you failed to deliver accurately, will hit him in some part of the anatomy. His reaction will parallel that of the boxing experiment, the only difference being that his mother may not learn of it. This is what we meant when we said to conduct this experiment at a "safe" distance from the house.

TENNIS. This game should not be taught until your boy has mastered the elements of batting—which he should in two or three more sessions of baseball practice, provided they're not supervised by you. Go to a tennis court and take along two dozen tennis balls—old ones, unless your income is in six figures. Stroke the balls to Buster and you'll be absolutely amazed how his power and reactions have improved. He will hit the ball over a backstop on the average of once in every three tries.

The session is terminated when all balls have been lost in tall grass or underbrush—or discovered in terrain infested with ground hornets. On the way home you could try to explain once more that home runs in tennis don't count.

SWIMMING. One modern swimming theory holds that youngsters should just be heaved without any folderol into water over their heads, and be made to shift for themselves on the age-old principle of sink or swim. Try it out. If you happen to be wearing your best Madison Avenue suit at the time, instead of bathing trunks, this may give you an opportunity to ponder whether this theory holds water, or whether water holds Buster. And it could also give you a line on whether your suit is as unshrinkable as the makers claim.

BULLFIGHTING. To develop a matador—on second thought, it might be better to wait until your youngster is a little older before trying to get him off on the right foot in sports—18, perhaps. **END**



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BALLANTINE Ale



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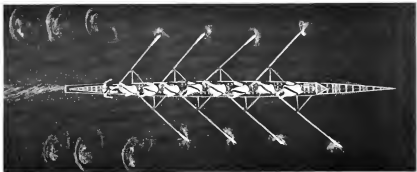
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MASTER JACK

Sirs:

I think Alfred Wright has lost his head over *Young Jack the Mighty Master* (April 15).

Saying that Jack Nicklaus is starting a new era in golf seems a bit premature at the present. Such greats as Jones, Haggen, Snead, etc. established their greatness over many years, but Jack is only in his second pro year.

This young Master may very well dominate the game of golf in years to come, but it is too early to say now that he is the best in the game. That honor still belongs to the unmatchable Arnold Palmer.

IRVING FINKEL

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

It was only 24 months ago that Mighty Jack played in his last Ohio intercollegiate golf tournament, representing the mighty Ohio State Buckeyes.

The rain came down so hard the competition was reduced from 36 holes to 18 holes. The wind blew the rain in sheets, and it was a sight to see Jack slashing down the fairways of the long Ohio State University course carrying his own bag, since there were no caddies.

On the long, tight, hazardous 12th, Jack drove into a gale of wind and rain, and was home with an iron for an easy birdie. No one else in the field came close to the green in two, as was the case at Augusta's 15th last Friday.

I only know Nicklaus casually, but I can attest that he is a gentleman and a great tribute to our professional golf trade. He deserves to be at the top. It couldn't happen to a grander guy.

TERRY LALLY

Akron

Sirs:

Alfred Wright singles out for recognition only those top-named, popular golfers who placed in the Masters top 10. He gives not even passing mention to Ed Furgol, who, at 46 and once more on the pro circuit, played the steadiest and sometimes the most exciting game at Augusta (an 80-foot putt from off the 16th green in the third round). Going into the final round, Furgol was one under par and only one stroke behind the leader, Jack the Mighty, and at the end of the tournament he was three shots behind the winner and tied with such notables as Gary Player.

MARNE OBERNAUER JR.

New Haven, Conn.

GREY GOLFER

Sirs:

I was greatly interested in Robert Cantwell's article on Grey Owl (*Mysterious Genesis of Nature Lore*, April 8). You may be interested to know that Grey Owl is perhaps the only naturalist and author to have a golf tournament named after him.

Riding Mountain National Park, as noted in your story, was the first site of Grey Owl's beaver restoration. The park still maintains his original cabin and also boasts

one of Canada's finest golf courses, the site of the Grey Owl annual. In a short time it has become probably the most popular golf tourney in Manitoba, drawing amateur entrants from three provinces of Canada and the northern United States.

The tournament is played in the first week of June every year, and the winner receives the rather striking trophy shown in the accompanying picture (left) and the right to wear a green coat as in the Masters.

As one of the organizers of the tournament and its volunteer historian, may I say your most detailed background of Grey Owl will have its place in our pages.

LAURIE ARTISS

Brandon, Man.

Sirs:

Your article on Grey Owl once again makes me realize that this is an unusual magazine. Every once in a while you come up with stories that should have been printed a long time ago but weren't. Keep it up. Sport doesn't consist of just hockey or football or baseball players. Grey Owl in his own way was a superb sportsman.

J. R. JOHNSON

Los Angeles

FOURTH FOR ODDS?

Sirs:

Your article on the probability of dealing four perfect bridge hands is slightly in error (*A Very Fine Deal at the Ladies' Bridge Club*, April 15). I am disposed to think that this problem was solved correctly originally but somewhere down the line your mathematician must have made an error in the arithmetic. Instead of reading 2,235,197,406,895,366,368,301,559,991 to 1, the last part should read 999 to 1.

SOL TENANOFF

Baltimore

Sirs:

For shame! You say the odds against four perfect bridge hands are 2,235,197,406,895,366,368,301,559,991 to 1, when actually they are 2,235,197,406,895,366,368,301,559,999 to 1. This makes the actual occurrence even more improbable!

JOHN B. IRWIN

Bloomington, Ind.

Sirs:

How many other readers told you this?

CHARLES G. GROSCHALL

Milwaukee

● A few short of 2,235,197,406,895,366,368,301,559,999.—ED.

continued



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GOLDEN AWARD SHIRTS



19TH HOLE continued

LONG DISTANCE

Sirs:

So often one reads something in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that lifts the heart and helps one to carry on. Hal Higdon's story of the Boston Marathon (*On the Run from Dogs and People*, April 15) has just done that for me. And Robert J. Morgan's moving letter on boxing (19th Hole, April 15) topped it off. "... difficult situations must be faced." It is the lesson taught by virile sports, a lesson of incomparable value in life.

I know. I was born privileged. I never knew privation. But from as far back as I can remember, something urged me to a strenuous physical life: running, boxing, rowing, mountain climbing. I still remember vividly the sheer terror of waiting in the track room for a race, the exhaustion. And, worse still, I remember the despair of making a major mountain climbing ascent where two ill-equipped youngsters won through over a seasoned party of older climbers. At 50 I won the "privileges of a private pilot," and that was 22 years ago.

And then, last year, my wife, and ever my boon companion in adventure, was killed by the idling propeller of my plane. And darkness compassed me. The light is coming now again, thanks to the Lord, who I now realize must have steered me from soft living and, through tough sports, given me enough strength of will to face the starkest of all realities, and to stagger on, somehow, like those last runners of the Marathon.

GEORGE V. CALSAR

Harbor Beach, Mich.

Sirs:

Hal Higdon stresses the arduous hill climbing in the Boston Marathon. Clarence DeMar, my boyhood scotchmaster and seven-time Boston Marathon winner, contended that it was the descent that was the worst. Each downward step brought the full agonizing weight of the runner shockingly down on his heel. As the race progressed these became sledgehammer blows.

H. MONROVIERE LANE

Brookline, Mass.

COMPLICATED CONVERSATION

Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent treatment of the Wally Butts-Bear Bryant incident (*A Debatable Football Scandal in the Southeast*, March 25 et seq.)

Having been associated closely with football for some 19 years, I have met many people who are close to both gentlemen. I do not know either man personally, but from all I have heard from those who have played for and been connected with them in some capacity and from the high esteem in which they are held by other people connected with the game of football, I cannot believe they were involved in anything un-

continued



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19TH HOLE

derhanded. I cannot conceive, even under the most dire circumstances, that Wally Butts would call Bear Bryant with the idea of betraying not only the institution with which he has been associated for so long, but also the game which has been his life.

Neither can I believe that Bear Bryant would accept such information even if it were offered to him.

One aspect of the whole affair which has been neglected to a large degree is the fact that Mr. Burnett has not been close to football in a long time. As you know, in the last few years football has become exceedingly complicated and much more of a science than in the past. To a lay person not familiar with today's football lingo, a discussion of generalities might sound like inside and informative facts. This could have easily happened in this particular case.

In any event, there seems to be good cause to believe that Butts did call Bryant and that Burnett did possibly hear the conversation, although it was not as informative as he thought it was.

I personally choose to believe that all three are men of integrity and that it is possible that all three are, in fact, telling the truth.

PAT SUMMERALL

Lake City, Fla.

PERMISSIBLE

Sirs:

Contrary to the report in *SCOREBOARD* (April 22), the NCAA did not limit collegiate participation in the Pan American basketball trials through enforcement of "its stringent rules."

The NCAA Council granted permission allowing student-athletes to participate in Pan American tryouts and competition, as it has in the past.

The major deterrent to collegiate participation was the fact that many student-athletes were unable to sacrifice the class time necessary.

CHARLES M. NEUNAS
Assistant to the
Director, NCAA

Kansas City, Mo.

DEDUCTIBLE

Sirs:

Colonel Eddie Eagan's appeal for contributions as head of the People-to-People Sports Committee (19TH HOLE, April 15) is in a worthy cause. However, let me offer a slight correction. Colonel Eagan's letter is misleading in its implication that Olympic Fund donations are tax exempt only in Olympic years. This is incorrect; contributions to the Olympic Fund are always tax deductible.

ASA BUSHNELL
Secretary, U.S.
Olympic Committee

New York City

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